No. 1501—Vol. 58

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

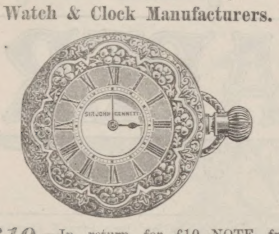
March 8, 1890

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

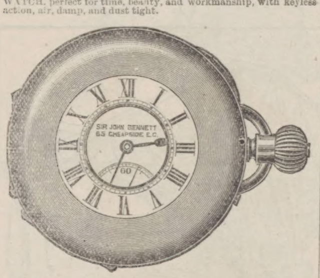
London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES DRIVING THE LAST RIVET OF THE FORTH RAILWAY BRIDGE.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.
Watch & Clock Manufacturers.



£10.—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.



£25.—The "SIR JOHN." A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS ¾-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with monogram richly emblazoned. Free and safe per post.—Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65, Cheapside, London.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.
GOLD WATCHES, from £5.
Illustrated Catalogues post-free.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Sir JOHN BENNETT (Limited),
65 & 64, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
Price 3s. 6d. per large Bottle.

FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
2s. 6d. per Bottle.
FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars, Price 1s.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and
RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

☞ Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza,
Cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat,
Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption,
Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh,
Clear and give strength to the voice of SINGERS,
And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1½d. per Box.

NOTICE.
See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp round each Box, without which none are genuine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

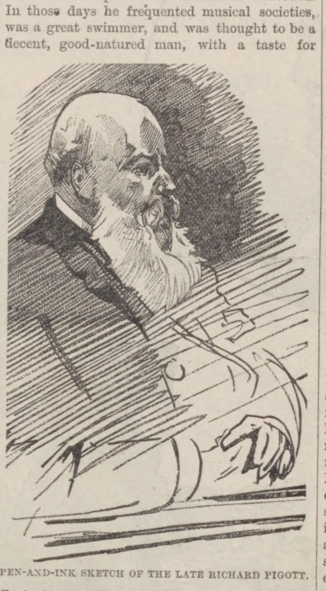
All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

Pigott Again.

"Lo, where it comes again!" It is Pigott—*toujours* Pigott—still. Now that he is dead, we have his ghost. It walks as uneasily as that of Hamlet's father. What a history this man had! Lord Spencer told another incident in it the other day, and Sir William Harcourt added a fresh touch last week. Of course, as soon as we heard of Pigott we knew the kind of gentleman with whom the *Times* had to deal, and journalists laughed at the extraordinary simplicity of the Oxford-bred London editor, the London-bred manager and proprietor, to whom the name and fame of Richard Pigott were unknown. Good gracious! what a life he led! Only the other day a bookseller sent me a copy of an order given by Pigott to a firm in a certain street in London for a number of questionable books. That and blackmailing were his means of livelihood. When he was a younger man he was rather different; but he had always two weaknesses—drink, and a faculty for begging-letter writing, accompanied by a wonderful facility in imitating other people's calligraphy. In his earlier days he was more than once in prison for political offences, and his friends in Dublin always used to be glad of the chance of steady living and total abstinence which these periodical seclusions afforded. In those days he frequented musical societies, was a great swimmer, and was thought to be a decent, good-natured man, with a taste for



PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF THE LATE RICHARD PIGOTT.

Fenianism and whisky, but otherwise unobjectionable. I have seen a portrait of him at this stage of his life—about twenty years ago, and it represents a mild-looking gentleman with long mutton-chop whiskers. The darker side of his career developed as he grew older, and poverty became chronic and urgent—whatever he got he spent. At one time, when he was in great vogue as a journalist, he was making £2000 a year. He spent every penny. He was hopelessly improvident, unpractical, undependable, unscrupulous. He was suspected of more than one forgery before he made his great coup. There were even darker suspicions associated with his later career. He was a monumental ruffian, as rotten, morally, as any figure that ever strutted and fretted his hour on that strange stage of human existence—Irish politics.

Sir Richard Webster.

It was surely one of the ironies of fate and history that the defence of this man's forgeries should have been placed in the hands of a man like Sir Richard Webster. Poor Sir Richard! I thought, as I heard him in the House the other night, how he was changed from the comfortable, good-natured, universally popular gentleman who a year or so ago changed the position of first authority on patent law (with an enormous income) to that of her Majesty's Attorney-General. I suppose everybody would now acknowledge that the selection was an unfortunate one. Before it was made, Sir Richard was known as the good boy of the Bar. He was the soul of amiability. He got up at five in the morning, and he always read his briefs. The result was that, though not a great lawyer, he became a remarkable specialist, and that he won a huge proportion of his cases. Having a smile

SIR RICHARD WEBSTER, M.P.
(Before the Parnell Commission Thinned his Hair).

and a good word for everyone, his name was in most people's mouths, when, in the absence, perhaps, of any overpowering claimant for the post, Lord Halsbury was looking about for a first law adviser to the Crown. Unhappily he knew nothing of politics, and had rarely appeared in a criminal court. So he did not succeed in the House, and he was unable to grapple with the nice issues involved in the Parnell Commission. He got up his brief admirably, but he had to learn his facts as he went along. Now, politicians are not made in a day, nor are criminal lawyers. The Attorney, usually the most careful and discreet of lawyers, ran wild. He shared the incredible infatuation of the *Times*. The disclosure of Pigott's name revealed nothing to him—no yawning abyss of forgery, villany, and deceit: he went smoothly on, until the ground opened under him and swallowed nine tenths of the *Times* case. Poor Sir Richard! His nicely adjusted plumes have been sadly ruffled! However, he may get the Mastership of the Rolls in a few months, and, as he will make a good Judge, he may find contentment again.

Hitherto the chief, perhaps the only remarkable, feature of the great Commission debate has been that it has produced one more

Great Speech from Mr. Gladstone.

It was an hour and forty minutes in length, and, so far as form and argument goes, I think it is the finest I have heard from Mr. Gladstone's lips since the series on the Home Rule Bill. I do not recall Mr. Gladstone's earlier efforts. I did not hear him very frequently during his second Ministry, though I did hear his three most famous efforts during the period after the Land Act speeches—the blazing twenty minutes' harangue in which he scorched Sir Stafford Northcote apropos of the votes of censure, the Maamtrasna speech (a marvellously lawyer-like and subtle examination of evidence), and the Penjdeh speech, which carried the whole House with it in a whirlwind of patriotic (though, I am afraid, rather misdirected) emotion. On consideration, however, and recalling my reading of earlier efforts, especially the Reform speech of 1867, I do not regard Mr. Gladstone's record as an orator, from 1868 to 1885, equal in brilliancy to that which he maintained for a few brief months over the Home Rule question. Nothing finer was ever heard in the House of Commons than the two speeches introducing the Home Rule Bill, and closing the debate on its second reading. The peroration of the latter, beginning "Ireland stands at the gate," is, in my opinion, unsurpassed for simple beauty—a beauty not at all characteristic of the speaker—in the annals of English oratory.

Since 1886, however, there was a marked falling off. Mr. Gladstone spoke again and again, but rarely got above mediocrity—his speeches showed an increasing want of grasp of detail, the voice got worse, and the sense of physical effort more obvious and more painful. People were beginning to say that Gladstone, intensely interesting as he continued to be, was falling off as an orator. Even the Bingley Hall speech, remarkable as it was for clearness and for its display of bodily vigour, was comparatively commonplace in texture. The speech on the Royal grants, however, was a recurrence to the old form, and last Monday showed beyond a shadow of doubt that the wand of the enchanter is as potent for magic as of yore. In analytical power, breadth of view, impressiveness of illustration, and that subtle effluence which goes out from a great speaker to his audience, nothing Mr. Gladstone has ever done in the Commons surpasses it. It was delightful to see the old man once more "at play" with his subject—at ease with himself and his hearers, self-possessed, untiring. His voice did not falter once, grew quite resonant at the close, when it was wanted for a final effort, and did not require stimulating from the famous pomade bottle. Moreover, the speech had the quality which observers of Mr. Gladstone note in him as one of the products of age—an added benignity and gentleness. The fierceness of the old man's middle age is dying away. He mellows perceptibly. Something of mental strength is, perhaps, wanted; but the added sweetness compensates for it. He is now what he never was before—popular on both sides of the House. They are all fond of him, and get fonder of him as the sands of his life run lower and lower down.

Lord Randolph Churchill.

After Mr. Gladstone, the prominent figure of the Commission debate is likely to be Lord Randolph, who will probably be speaking as these lines are being read. Lord Randolph was obviously in love with Mr. Gladstone's speech; but he is a cautious tactician, and he has not yet spoken openly on his line of action. He had a talk with his new *fidus Achates*, Mr. Louis Jennings, after the oration, and the result of it was, I suspect, that Lord Randolph wanted to see how the cat jumps. Lord Randolph can fairly claim that he has always been opposed to the Commission; and as to the old connection between the Conservatives and the Parnellites, he has been in the habit of saying significantly that he has a longer memory than some men who sit on the same side of the House. But, though his speech is likely to be damaging to the extremer Conservative view, I do not think that he will vote against his party. He will probably abstain, and his party of three or four members may be followed in that course by Conservatives like Sir Walter Barttelot, who never approved of the goings-on of the *Times*, and said so, pretty plainly, when the forgeries were shown up last year. I expect, however, that the Government will get a majority of not less than sixty.

Mr. Flanagan.

Another sensational topic this week has been the blackballing of Mr. Woulfe Flanagan, the clever son of an Irish Judge, who is one of the main authors of "Parnellism and Crime," at that most exclusive (and conservative) of clubs the Athenæum. Mr. Flanagan was strongly supported, and had many energetic canvassers (including the recently appointed Lord Morris) in his behalf. But the Gladstonians also made an energetic whip-up, and contrived nearly to double the number of blackballs (one in ten) necessary for exclusion. I don't know that the result is generally regretted, even among those who supported Mr. Flanagan. It is right to brand the *Times* with some sense of the disapproval which all sensible men feel. The incident is closing now—and I confess I am getting as sick of it as, say, Mr. Walter. If, however, the Liberals are making too much of it, they have their excuse in such actions as the proposal to put Mr. Flanagan in a position in which no fair-minded politician would (at present, at all events) desire to see him.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

The Prince of Wales's Opening of the Forth Bridge,

on Tuesday, the 4th of March, came at a happy moment to divert the public mind from the over-heated politics of Parliament. On the eve of the opening, the Prince had no sooner reached Edinburgh from London than he tersely summed up, in his own happy way, the benefits this triumph of engineering will confer on Englishmen and

Scotsmen alike. Barely had H.R.H. stepped from the train at the Haymarket Station, Edinburgh, on Monday evening, when he was presented with the usual loyal address. In his brief reply, the Prince felicitously said of the Forth Bridge: "It is, indeed, one of national importance, which, under the able direction of two such eminent engineers as Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker, marks the triumph of science and engineering skill over obstacles of no ordinary kind;

and it will, I believe, largely conduce to the development of the commercial and social interests of the Kingdom, by bringing the manufacturing towns north of the Firth of Forth into more direct and unbroken communication with London and the prosperous centres of trade and industry in England." These few words, and fit, delivered, with that clearness of voice the Prince inherits from the Queen, H.R.H. proceeded with the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince George, and the Duke of Fife to Dalmeny Park, where, be sure, the Earl of Rosebery entertained his Royal guests with true Scottish hospitality, and thoroughly braced the Prince of Wales for the cold trip up the Forth on Tuesday morning to perform the crowning ceremony sketched on our front page.

The Forth Bridge

is an engineering marvel, which completely dwarfs (as Linley Sambourne seasonably shows in Punch) the Paris Exhibition Tower of M Eiffel, which distinguished French engineer was among the eminent members of his invaluable profession who came to Scotland to witness the inauguration. The dimensions of this stupendous railway bridge across the Forth are given on another page, and a pictorial design enables the reader to realise the magnitude of the superb structure as compared with other renowned edifices. The supremely skilful engineers and builders, Lord Tweeddale, Lord Colville, Lord Hindlip, and the rest of the Directors of the Forth Bridge Railway Company, may be warmly congratulated on the complete success of their grand achievement.

Sir John Fowler,

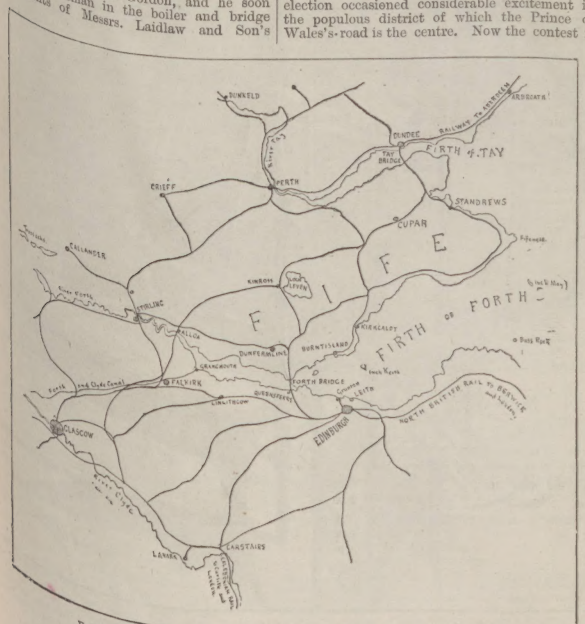
engineer-in-chief of the Forth Bridge, is sketched on the front page, in the goodly company of his colleague, Mr. Baker, and Mr. William Arrol. From the capital "Forth Bridge Special" published by *Industries* I gather that Sir John Fowler, K.C.M.G., is the eldest son of the late Mr. Fowler of Wadsley Hall, Sheffield, and is seventy-three years of age. He tried his 'prentice hand with the late eminent hydraulic engineer, Mr. Towlerton Leather, afterwards became assistant to Mr. Bostwick during the construction of the London and Brighton Railway, then resident engineer of the Stockton and Hartlepool Railway, and subsequently constructed the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. Sir John Fowler likewise carried out the Metropolitan Underground Railway, and rendered the Government great assistance during the Soudan campaign. He is deservedly an honoured light of a noble profession.

Mr Benjamin Baker,

Sir John Fowler's partner, and a man of mark, whose energy is stamped upon his features, also merits praise as one of the great engineers of the Forth Bridge. Lieutenant-Colonel in the Volunteer Engineer Staff Corps, and an engineer who, though yet comparatively young, took part in superintending the building, or burrowing, of the Metropolitan Railway, among other important works, Mr. Baker is known and honoured far and wide for his professional skill and judgment. He is at present engaged (according to *Industries*) in constructing the Connecto Ship Railway in Canada, and the tunnel under the Hudson River at New York. Mr Baker is likewise an engineering author of repute.

Mr. William Arrol,

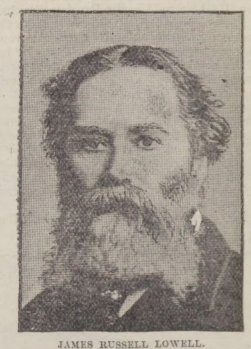
the jovial, brown-eyed builder of the Forth Bridge, is the "architect of his own fortune." It would be unfair to apply Abraham Lincoln's familiar quip to Mr. Arrol, for he is a sterling worker whose genuine *bonhomie* would render the joke impossible. Born at Paisley, he was a pioneer at the early age of nine. At Port Glasgow he laboured as a young mechanic for Messrs. Blackwood and Gordon, and he soon came to be foreman in the boiler and bridge departments of Messrs. Laidlaw and Son's works. With his savings, William Arrol began business on his own account in 1866. Since then he has literally worked wonders—but none so vast as the Forth Bridge. Mr. Arrol will now devote his skill and energy to the Tower Bridge and to the bridges of the Manchester Ship Canal. Peace has its heroes, you see, as well as War.



RAILWAY MAP TO SHOW THE USE OF THE FORTH BRIDGE.

Mr. J. Russell Lowell.

I am sorry to see it announced that Mr. James Russell Lowell, poet, critic, and ex-Minister to the English Court, has been seriously ill. One rejoices, however, to hear that the distinguished American is on the way to recovery. Before he reads these words—and he will read them—no doubt he will have set to work once more upon that "Life of Hawthorne" upon which he has long been engaged. Mr Lowell was born in 1819, and is thus in his seventy-first year. Mr Gladstone and Lord Tennyson, with their eighty or more years, should make him still feel young, and, indeed, it is hard for many of us who frequently saw and heard him when he was in England to think of him as otherwise than an ever-young man. Young in heart we may be



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

sure that he will be to the end. It is as the author of the "Biglow Papers" that Mr. Lowell is best known in England. Their humour has delighted and charmed us more, perhaps, than any other of the abundant American humour of our day. But his more serious poems have singular sweetness and power and enthusiasm. Among them one recalls "Anti-Apis," "A Parable," "Extreme Unction," and "The Present Crisis," with its vigorous appeal to the young American of his time:—

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea.
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

But to many Mr. Lowell has a still greater interest for his

Splendid Critical Gifts.

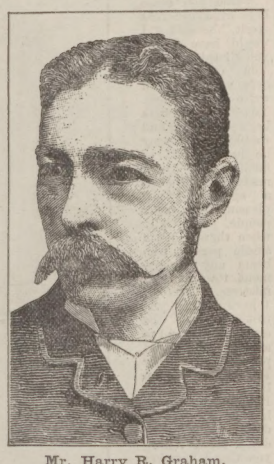
He has written about Dante and Cervantes with an insight and a judgment which are quite unequalled, and the volumes of "My Study Windows" and "Among My Books" should not fail of readers now and always. The poet and critic resides at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a beautiful house, the garden of which he has poetically described in one of his essays.

The North St. Pancras

election occasioned considerable excitement in the populous district of which the Prince of Wales's-road is the centre. Now the contest is over, perhaps it will be fairer to print the portraits of both candidates instead of bestowing all the honours on the winner, and utterly neglecting the gallant loser, though obtruding Mr J. Leighton may be properly ignored till the next election

Mr. T. H. Bolton,

the clean-shaven solicitor who got in for North St. Pancras in 1885, but was defeated by Mr. Cochrane-Baillie in 1886 by 261 votes, made himself very useful in the House during the short time he sat in '86. Born in 1841, Mr Bolton has had considerable experience of local administration, is fond of the playhouse, being a familiar figure on "first nights", and is a steadfast supporter of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule plan, or he would not have been actively championed by that enthusiastic St. Pancras Radical Mr. Hind.



Mr. Harry R. Graham,

the hope of the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists of North St. Pancras, and the choice of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, is the eldest son of the late Mr. J. B. Graham, of St. Leonards, a retired Australian settler. Mr Graham is young and good-looking. While he is but forty, Mr. Bolton is close upon fifty. Mr. Graham won honours at Exeter College, Oxford, gaining the Taylorian Exhibition in modern languages, and Classical Honours in the final School. The portrait of the handsome young Conservative will be welcome to the bevies of Primrose dames who advocated his cause so charmingly in North St. Pancras.

The King of the Violin.

The reappearance of Dr. Joachim at the Monday Popular Concerts is always an event of interest in the musical world. Since the time when Mendelssohn gave so much encouragement to the remarkable boy violinist, Joachim has been one of the greatest favourites of the London public. His fine broad tone, solidity of style, and noble expression continue to produce their old effect; and, as a well-known amateur said the other night, "The better the music is the better Joachim plays." He was born at Kitsee, near Presburg, in Hungary, in 1831, and here I may remark what a singular fact it is that so many of the greatest of modern musicians are Hungarian. Joachim received his early training in Vienna, and afterwards at Leipzig. In 1850 he became the first violin in the Weimar orchestra, and four years later occupied the same position at Hanover, and in 1869 he was appointed director of the high school at Berlin. Since then he has had many honours conferred upon him. Only recently his jubilee was celebrated by handsome gifts. Joachim is not so much a mere virtuoso as a classic player. For example, nobody plays Beethoven like him. He disdains the tricks and caprices of the ordinary solo player. Besides his extraordinary powers as a player, he has written some admirable compositions for the violin, and also for the full orchestra. His Hungarian Concerto and his overture to "Hamlet" are among his finest works. He has also adapted for the violin some of the lovely "Hungarian Dances" of Brahms, and they make exquisite solos for the violin.

"The Thunderer."

I hear from Italy of a large printing establishment adopting the plan of printing with complete words instead of the customary system of letter by letter. But this is by no means the novelty my correspondent imagines, for when the *Times* was started that method was adopted. The plan was called the "Logotype" process, but, although Mr. Walter was an enthusiast for his "Logotype" press, he found that the compositors were actually slower in setting up the paper than by the old process, and finally it was abandoned, after being much ridiculed by other journals.

The New Richmond Theatre.

Being at Richmond the other day, I had a peep at the smart new theatre, which is nearly ready for performance, and will shortly be opened, under the direction of Mr. Horace Lennard. It is about the size of the Vaudeville, and is prettily arranged with all modern appliances. The best provincial companies will be seen there. The site is the Castle Tavern, a new street being made leading down to the river, and the position will be, I think, favourable to theatrical enterprise. I spent a queer evening once in the old theatre at the corner of Richmond-green. An ambitious piece had been announced, and I went down from London to witness it, but after waiting two hours I found that three visitors besides myself occupied the auditorium. An old lady was the money-taker, and she, in an affable manner, apologised, and stated there would be no performance. In fact, after dressing for their parts, the actors had departed. The old lady requested me to take back the admission money, but I explained that, as a representative of the Press, I had not paid. Yet upon that very stage the elder Kean and other great actors had appeared. "After life's fitful fever" Kean "sleeps well" in Richmond Churchyard, where a tablet on the church wall was erected to his memory by Charles Kean. THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

All who would see Mr. Hermann Vezin at his best should see him in his masterpiece, James Harebell, the Scottish poet, in Mr. W. G. Wills's play of "The Man o' Airlie," at the Grand Theatre. Mr. Vezin, Miss Stettith, and Mr. John Carter are well worth seeing in this poetical play, which abounds in pitiful situations, and is, perhaps, most popular across the Border.

The exceptionally brilliant and enlivening pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk"—the best Mr. Augustus Harris has produced for some time—has but another week to run at Drury-Lane. Its successful career is shortened, as it is incumbent on Mr. Harris to begin very shortly the rehearsals of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, the season of which will be commenced at Old Drury on Easter Monday. Meantime, hie to see "Jack and the Beanstalk."

I may mention, in this connection, that the favourite Clown of Old Drury, Harry Payne, announces that the 13th and 14th inst. will be

his benefit nights at Drury Lane, and that tickets may be had at his residence, 322, Camden-road.

A chord of harmony now from the Meistersingers' Club, the snug lyric home in St. James's-street! Let me congratulate that clever composer, Mr. Percy Reeve, on the success his new operetta, "The Crusader and the Craven" (libretto by Mr. W. Allison), obtained in the pretty theatre of the Meistersingers!

The Alhambra programme (never more attractive than now) has been strengthened by the appearance of that sweet operatic vocalist, Miss Annie Albu, the Empire, by Miss Loie Fuller, and by Miss Amy Roselle in a heart-stirring new Lucknow poem by Mr. Saville Clarke.—I am asked to add that Mrs. Shaw, the American lady whistler, has her first concert in London on Wednesday, March 12. THESPIS.

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide, 220 pages, (3 stamps) "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (Reg.), 186, Euston-road, London, N.W.—[ADVT.]

BLIND LOVE.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST ROMANCE.

Published by permission of, and special arrangement with, the Proprietors of "The Illustrated London News."

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER I.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FAITHFUL MAID.

It was about five o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The funeral was over. The unfortunate young Irish gentleman was now lying in the cemetery of Auteuil, in a grave purchased in perpetuity. His name, age, and rank were duly inscribed in the registers, and the cause of his death was vouched for by the English physician who had attended him at the request of his family. He was accompanied, in going through the formalities, by the respectable woman who had nursed the sick man during his last seizure. Everything was perfectly in order. The physician was the only mourner at the funeral. No one was curious about the little procession. A funeral, more or less, excites no attention.

The funeral completed, the doctor gave orders for a simple monument to be put in memory of Lord Harry Norland, thus prematurely cut off. He then returned to the cottage, paid and dismissed the nurse, taking her address in case he should find an opportunity, as he hoped, to recommend her among his numerous and distinguished *clientèle*, and proceeded to occupy himself in setting everything in order before giving over the key to the landlord. First of all he removed the medicine bottles from the cupboard with great care, leaving nothing. Most of the bottles he threw outside into the dusthole; one or two he placed in a fire which he made for the purpose in the kitchen: they were very shortly reduced to two or three lumps of molten glass. These contained, no doubt, the mysteries and secrets of science. Then he went into every room and searched in every possible place for any letters or papers which might have been left about. Letters left about are always indiscreet, and the consequences of an indiscretion may be far-reaching and incalculable. Satisfied at last that the place was perfectly cleared, he sat down in the salon and continued his business correspondence with the noble family and the solicitors. Thus engaged, he heard footsteps outside, footsteps on the gravel, footsteps on the doorstep. He got up, not without the slightest show of nervousness, and opened the door.

There stood the woman who had been his first nurse—the woman who overheard and watched—the woman who suspected. The suspicion and the intention of watching were legible in her eyes still. She had come back to renew her watch.

In her hand she carried her box, which she had lugged along from the place where the omnibus had deposited her. She made as if she was stepping in; but the big form of the doctor barred the way.

"Oh!" he said carelessly; "it is you. Who told you to come back?"

"Is my mistress at home?"

"No; she is not. But you are a faithful servant: it is good, in these days, to find a woman so zealous on account of her mistress. Come in, good and faithful. Search the house all over. Come in—what are you afraid of? Put down your box, and go look for your mistress."

Fanny obeyed. She ran into the house, opened the doors of the salon and the dining-room one after the other: no one was there. She ran up the stairs and looked into her mistress's room: nothing was there, not even a ribbon or a hairpin, to show the recent presence of a woman. She looked into Lord Harry's room. Nothing was there. If a woman leaves hairpins about, a man leaves his toothbrush: nothing at all was there. Then she threw open the armoire in each room: nothing behind the doors. She came downstairs slowly, wondering what it all meant.

"May I look in the spare room?" she asked, expecting to be roughly refused.

"By all means—by all means," said the doctor, blandly. "You know your way about. If there is anything left belonging to your mistress or to you, pray take it."

She tried one more question.

"How is my patient? How is Mr. Oxbye?"

"He is gone."

"Gone? Where has he gone to? Gone?"

"He went away yesterday—Friday. He was a grateful creature. I wish we had more such grateful creatures as well as more such faithful servants. He said something about finding his way to London in order to thank you properly. A good soul, indeed!"

"Gone?" she repeated. "Why, on Thursday morning I saw him"—— She checked herself in time.

"It was on Wednesday morning that you saw him, and he was then recovering rapidly."

"But he was far too weak to travel."

"You may be quite certain that I should not have allowed him to go away unless he was strong enough."

Fanny made no reply. She had seen with her own eyes the man lying still and white, as if in death: she had seen the new nurse rushing off, crying that he was dead. Now she was told that he was quite well, and that he had gone away! But it was no time for thought.

She was on the point of asking where the new nurse was, but she remembered in time that it was best for her to know nothing, and to awaken no suspicions. She opened the door of the spare room and looked in. Yes; the man was gone—dead or alive—and there were no traces left of his presence. The place was cleared up; the cupboard stood with open doors, empty; the bed was made; the curtain pushed back; the sofa was in its place against the wall; the window stood open. Nothing in the room at all to show that there had been an occupant only two days before. She stared blankly. The dead man was gone, then. Had her senses altogether deceived her? Was he not dead, but only sleeping? Was her horror only a thing of imagination? Behind her, in the hall, stood the doctor, smiling, cheerful.

She remembered that her first business was to find her mistress. She was not connected with the Dane. She closed the door and returned to the hall.

"Well," asked the doctor, "have you made any discoveries? You see that the house is deserted. You will perhaps learn before long why. Now what will you do? Will you go back to London?"

"I must find her ladyship."

The doctor smiled.

"Had you come here in a different spirit," he said, "I would have spared you all this trouble. You come, however, with suspicion written on your face. You have always been suspecting and watching. It may be in a spirit of fidelity to your mistress; but such a spirit is not pleasing to other people, especially when there is not a single person who bears any resentment towards that mistress. Therefore, I have allowed you to run over the empty house, and to satisfy your suspicious soul. Lady Harry is not hidden here. As for Lord Harry—but you will hear in due time, no doubt. And now I don't mind telling you that I have her ladyship's present address."

"Oh! What is it?"

"She appears to have passed through Paris on her way to Switzerland two days ago, and has sent here her address for the next fortnight. She has now, I suppose, arrived there. The place is Berne; the Hôtel —— But how do I know that she wants you?"

"Of course she wants me."

"Or of course you want her? Very good. Yours is the responsibility, not mine. Her address is the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Shall I write it down for you? There it is. 'Hôtel d'Angleterre, Berne.' Now you will not forget. She will remain there for one fortnight only. After that, I cannot say whither she may go. And, as all her things have been sent away, and I am going away, I am not likely to hear."

"Oh! I must go to her. I must find her!" cried the woman, earnestly. "If it is only to make sure that no evil is intended for her!"

It is a long journey from Paris to Berne, even for those who can travel first class and express—that is, if sixteen hours can be called a long journey. For those who have to jog along by third class, stopping at all the little country stations, it is a long and a tedious journey indeed. The longest journey ends at last. The train rolled slowly into the station of Berne, and Fanny descended with her box. Her wanderings were over for the present. She would find her mistress, and be at rest.

She asked to be directed to the Hôtel d'Angleterre. The Swiss guardian of the peace with the cocked hat stared at her. She repeated the question.

"Hôtel d'Angleterre?" he echoed. "There is no Hôtel d'Angleterre in Berne."

"Yes, yes; there is. I am the maid of a lady who is staying at that hotel."

"No; there is no Hôtel d'Angleterre," he repeated. "There is the Hôtel Bernerhof."

"No." She took out the paper and showed it to him—"Lady Harry Norland, Hôtel d'Angleterre, Berne."

"There is the Hôtel de Belle Vue, the Hôtel du Faucon, the Hôtel Victoria, the Hôtel Schweizerhof. There are the Hôtel Schrödel, the Hôtel Schneider, the Pension Simkin."

Fanny as yet had no other suspicion than that the doctor had accidentally written a wrong name. Her mistress was at Berne: she would be in one of the hotels. Berne is not a large place. Very good: she would go round to the hotels and inquire. She did so. There are not, in fact, more than half a dozen hotels in Berne where an English lady could possibly stay. Fanny went to every one of these. No one had heard of any such lady: they showed her the lists of their visitors. She inquired at the post-office. No lady of that name had asked for letters. She asked if there were any pensions, and went round them all—uselessly.

No other conclusion was possible. The doctor had deceived her wilfully. To get her out of the way he sent her to Berne. He would have sent her to Jericho if her purse had been long enough to pay the fare. She was tricked.

She counted her money. There was exactly twenty-eight shillings and tenpence in her purse—one or the other arrived? Certainly. They would take her in, at five francs a day, payable every morning in advance.

She made a little calculation—she had twenty-eight and tenpence; exactly thirty-five francs—enough for seven days. If she wrote to Mr. Vimpany at once she could get an answer in two days.

She accepted the offer, paid her five shillings, was shown into a room, and was informed that the dinner was served at six o'clock.

Very good. Here she could rest, at any rate, and think what was to be done. And first she wrote two letters—one to Mrs. Vimpany and one to Mr. Mountjoy.

In both of these letters she told exactly what she had found: neither Lord Harry nor his wife at the cottage, the place vacated, and the doctor on the point of going away. In both the letters she told how she had been sent all the way to Switzerland on a fool's errand, and now found herself plaunted there without the means of getting home. In the letter to Mrs. Vimpany she added the remarkable detail that the doctor, whom she had seen on the Thursday morning apparently dead, whose actual poisoning she thought she had witnessed, was reported on the Saturday to have walked out of the cottage, carrying his things, if he had any, and proceeding to make his way to London in order to find her old nurse. "Make what you can out

She made as if she was stepping in; but the big form of the doctor barred the way.

"that," she said. "For my own part, I understand nothing."

In the letter which she wrote to Mr. Mountjoy she added a petition that he would send her money to bring her home. This, she said, her mistress she knew would willingly defray.

She posted these letters on Tuesday, and waited for the answers.

Mrs. Vimpany wrote back that she feared some villany was at the bottom of the doctor's misdirection of Fanny to Berne.

The second letter, which reached her the same day, was from Mr. Mountjoy. He would give her the money, because he recognised the spirit of fidelity which caused Fanny to go first to Paris and then to Berne. But he could not pretend to any right to interference in the affairs of Lord and Lady Harry Norland. He enclosed a *mandat postal* for a hundred and twenty-five francs, which he hoped would be sufficient for her immediate wants.

She started on her return journey on the same day—namely, Saturday. On Sunday evening she was in a pension at Passy, ready to make the inquiries Mrs. Vimpany suggested. The first person whom she sought out was the *rentier*—the landlord of the cottage. He was a retired tradesman—one who had made his modest fortune in a *charcuterie*, and had invested it in house property. Fanny told him that she had been lady's-maid to Lady Harry Norland, in the recent occupancy of the cottage, and that she was anxious to know her present address.

"Merci, mon Dieu! que sçais-je? What do I know about it?" he replied. "The wife of the English milord is so much attached to her husband that she leaves him in his long illness"——

"His long illness?"

"Certainly—Mademoiselle is not, perhaps, acquainted with the circumstances—his long illness; and does not come even to see his dead body after he is dead. There is a wife for you—a wife of the English fashion!"

Fanny gasped.

"After he is dead! Is Lord Harry dead? When did he die?"

"But, assuredly, Mademoiselle has not heard? The English milord died on Thursday morning, a week and more ago, of consumption, and was buried in the cemetery of Auteuil last Saturday. Mademoiselle appears astonished."

"En effet, Monsieur, I am astonished."

"Already the tombstone is erected to the memory of the unhappy young man, who is said to belong to a most distinguished family of Ireland. Mademoiselle can see it with her own eyes in the cemetery."

"One word more, Monsieur. If Monsieur would have the kindness to tell her who was the nurse of milord in his last seizure."

"But certainly. All the world knows the widow La Chaise. It was the widow La Chaise who was called in by the doctor. Ah! there is a man—what a man! What a miracle of science! What devotion to his friend! What admirable sentiments! Truly, the English are great in sentiments when their insular coldness allows them to speak. This widow can be found—easily found."

He gave Fanny, in fact, the nurse's address. Armed with this, and having got out of the landlord the cardinal fact of Lord Harry's alleged death, the lady's-maid went in search of this respectable widow.

She found her, in her own apartments, a respectable woman indeed, perfectly ready to tell everything that she knew, and evidently quite unsuspicious of anything wrong. She was invited to take charge of a sick man on the morning of Thursday: she was told that he was a young Irish lord, dangerously ill of a pulmonary disorder; the doctor, in fact, informed her that his life hung by a thread, and might drop at any moment, though on the other hand he had known such cases linger on for many months. She arrived as she had been ordered, at midday: she was taken into the sick-room by the doctor, who showed her the patient placidly sleeping on a sofa: the bed had been slept in, and was not yet made. After explaining the medicines which she was to administer, and the times when they were given, and telling her something about his diet, the doctor left her alone with the patient.

"He was still sleeping profoundly," said the nurse.

"You are sure that he was sleeping, and not dead?" asked Fanny sharply.

"Mademoiselle, I have been a nurse for many years. I know my duties. The moment the doctor left me I verified his statements. I proved that the patient was sleeping by feeling his pulse and observing his breath."

Fanny made no reply. She could hardly remind this respectable person that after the doctor left her she employed herself first to examining the cupboards, drawers, *armoire*, and other things; that she then found a book with pictures, in which she read for a quarter of an hour or so; that she then grew sleepy and dropped the book——

"I then," continued the widow, "made arrangements against his waking—that is to say, I drew back the curtains and turned over the sheet to air the bed"—O Madame! Madame! Surely this was needless!—"shook up the pillows, and occupied myself in the cares of a conscientious nurse until the time came to administer the first dose of medicine. Then I proceeded to awaken my patient. Figure yourself! He whom I had left tranquilly breathing, with the regularity of a convalescent rather than a dying man, was dead! He was dead!"

"You are sure he was dead?"

"As if I had never seen a dead body before! I called the doctor; but it was for duty only, for I knew that he was dead."

"And then?"

"Then the doctor—who must also have known that he was dead—felt his pulse and his heart, and looked at his eyes, and declared that he was dead."

"And then?"

"What then? If a man is dead he is dead. You cannot restore him to life. Yet one thing the doctor did. He brought a camera and took a photograph of the dead man for the sake of his friends."

"Oh! he took a photograph of — of Lord Harry Norland. What did he do that for?"

"I tell you: for the sake of his friends."

Fanny was more bewildered than ever. What on earth should the doctor want a photograph of the Dane Oxbye to show the friends of Lord Harry? Could he have made a blunder as stupid as it was uncalled for? No one could possibly mistake the dead face of that poor Dane for the dead face of Lord Harry.

She had got all the information she wanted—all, in fact, that was of any use to her. One thing remained. She would see the grave.

The cemetery of Auteuil is not so large as Père la Chaise, nor does it contain so many celebrated persons as the latter—perhaps the greatest cemetery, as regards its illustrious dead, in the whole world. It is the cemetery of the better class. The tombs are not those of Immortals but of Respectables.

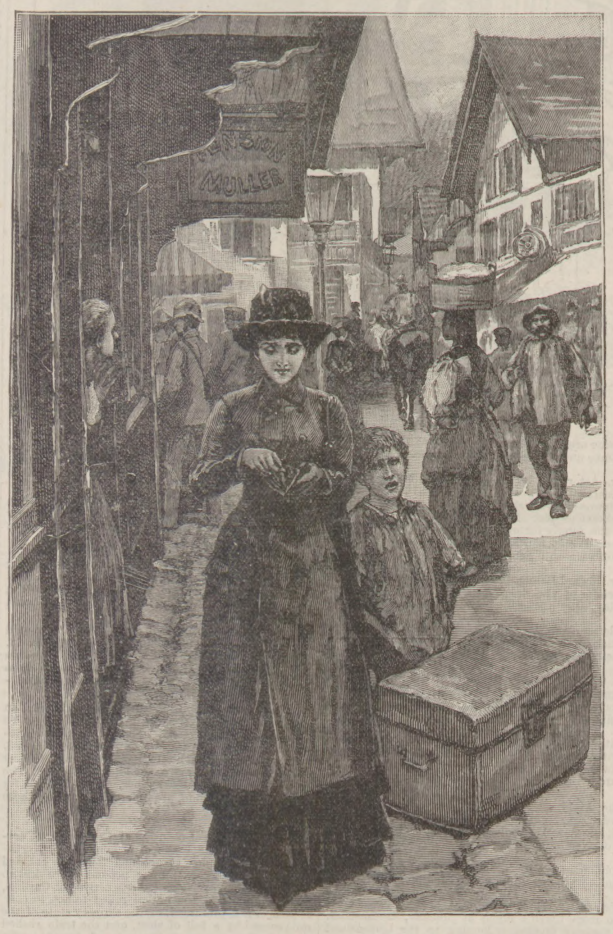
Among them Fanny easily found, following the directions given to her, the tomb she was searching after.

On it was written in English, "Sacred to the Memory of Lord Harry Norland, second son of the Marquis of Malven." Then followed the date and the age, and nothing more.

Fanny sat down on a bench and contemplated this mendacious stone.

"The Dane Oxbye," she said, "was growing better fast when I went away. That was the reason why I was sent away. The very next day the doctor, thinking me far away, poisoned him. I saw him do it. The nurse was told that he was asleep, and being left alone presently discovered that he was dead. She has been told that the sick man is a young Irish gentleman. He is buried under the name of Lord Harry. That is the reason I found the doctor alone. And my lady? Where is she?"

(To be continued.)



She counted her money. There was exactly twenty-eight shillings and tenpence in her purse.

"A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT" KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. Ask throughout the world, in any country that can be named, you will find them largely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them. One Lozenge gives ease. Sold in 13½d. Tins.—[ADVT.]

WASHABLE TRUSSES.—MR. C. B. HARNESS' XYLONITE TRUSSES and other hernia appliances are made to suit every form of rupture. Sufferers should call, if possible, at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place), where they can be examined free by an experienced English Surgeon. Note the address, as above, and avoid foreign quacks, who profess impossibilities.—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of* "*The Penny Illustrated Paper.*"]

ANSWERS.

A READER.—If a girl be of full intellectual capacity and over sixteen years of age, and not a ward of Court, and chooses to live away from her father, the Courts are not likely to compel her to live with her father. But, of course, for an unmarried girl, over sixteen but under the age of twenty-one years, to go off with a man, might amount, as against him, to the crime of abduction.

HAYNES.—Your letter seems to show that you have made an admission of the debt, which prevents it being Statute-barred.

F. T.—According to the statement contained in your letter your husband could be sued at once for the debt.

TWELVE YEARS SUBSCRIBER.—Any fresh stock that you may have would be liable to be seized for payment of the amount. Or if the County Court Judge thinks you have the means of payment he may commit you to prison for default.

A. MALANE.—I cannot advise you to take any proceedings to get the clergyman punished, for he merely seems to have been attempting to recover his legal demand; and for that even a clergyman cannot be held criminally responsible. You had better pay the 3s. 7d.; but, of course, the possession of a certificate does not really affect the validity of the marriage.

A. MACINTOSH.—Consult the "Post Office Guide" and write the Postmaster-General.

VERAX had better do nothing except pay when able. He cannot be imprisoned unless he has means, or it is a trust debt which he owes.

LEX.

Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern.—Some interesting concerts will be given at the above hall during March. On March 13 Miss Alice Gomez, Miss Clara Robson, Miss Adela Duckham (violinist), Messrs. Charles Chilly, Egbert Roberts, Harland Lemon (reciter), and other popular artists have been engaged to assist at a Grand Ballad Concert. On March 20 there will be an Operatic Concert, when selections will be given from the "Lily of Killarney." On March 27 there will be a Grand Ballad Concert, when Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Charles Fry (reciter), and other popular artists will take part. Science Lectures will be given on Tuesdays, and Variety Entertainments on Saturdays and Mondays. We must shortly give an Engraving of this excellent institution.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

A Great German.

ONE of the most interesting personalities in German literature is Heine (1799-1856), whose many volumes of poetry and prose form an infinite treasury of wit and manifold power. It is strange, therefore, that he should have been but little translated into English—except, indeed, his songs, which have been rendered all too much and too often. But here before me is a volume of translations by Mr. R. M'Lintock, "Heine as Novelist and Dramatist" (Roper and Drowley). I cordially recommend it to you if you wish to know more of the witty side of German literature, the side of which one gets but little idea from Goethe or Schiller. But Heine was much more than a wit. He was one of the greatest of song-writers, ranking with Burns and Béranger, one of the greatest of lyricists, ranking here with Goethe and Shelley; and, more than this, he was, as he claimed, "a soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity." Of Heine's works one cannot read too much.

HEINRICH HEINE.

H. M. Stanley Again.

I spoke the other week of Stanley's "My Kalulu" as one of the most admirable books for boys that I have ever read. Yet other books by Stanley have just been published in cheap editions. They are "Through the Dark Continent" (Sampson Low and Co., 3s. 6d.) and "How I Found Livingstone" (Sampson Low and Co., 3s. 6d.) Both books have long been well known in more expensive forms, but the excitement attendant upon Stanley's fresh discoveries will be sure to give them some hundreds of additional readers, and the cheap editions are very opportune.

"Emin's Rescue."

As a capital foretaste of the great book which will relate Stanley's recent adventures, one should buy the little shilling book, also published by Messrs. Sampson Low, called "The Story of Emin's Rescue, as told in Stanley's Letters."

Nyassaland.

It is a natural transition from Stanley to Professor Henry Drummond. Numbers of people, I imagine, have read Professor Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" who do not know that since writing it he has been a daring traveller into the heart of Africa. Yet to me, who found his "Natural Law" full of false analogies and absurd conceits, his "Tropical Africa" is a much more valuable book. The most readable part of "Tropical Africa" has just been issued as a shilling booklet under the title of "Nyassaland" (Hodder and Stoughton). From Professor Drummond's book we learn that royalty is even more insecure in the heart of Africa than in more civilised countries. "In books of travel," he says, "great chiefs are usually called kings, their wives queens, while their mud huts are always palaces. But, after seeing my first African chief at home, I found I must either change my views of kings or of authors. The regal splendour of Chipitula's Court—and

Chipitula

was a very great chief indeed, and owned all the Shiré district—may be judged of by the fact that, when I paid my respects to his Highness, his Court dress consisted almost exclusively of a pair of suspenders. I made this King happy for life by the gift of a scarlet tennis-cap and a few buttons. But poor Chipitula had not long to enjoy his treasures; and I mention the incident to show what is going on every day in Africa. When I came back that way, on my return journey, I called again, to receive

A Leopard-Skin

which this chief had promised to trap for me, and for which he was to get in exchange certain dilapidated remnants of my wardrobe. He gave me the skin; I duly covered his, and we parted. A few days after, another white man came that way: he was a trader—the only one who had yet plied this hazardous calling in East Central Africa. He quarrelled with Chipitula over some bargain, and in a moment of passion drew his revolver and shot the chief dead on the spot. Of course, he himself was instantly speared by Chipitula's men; and all his black porters, according to native etiquette, were butchered with their master. There is absolutely no law in Africa, and you can kill anybody and anybody can kill you, and no one will ask any questions."

"Robinson Crusoe."

Adventure! adventure! Perhaps, after all is said, the book which has most stirred the hearts of boys in our time is not this or that book of travel, but Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." All a boy's longing to escape from the tasks, the bullying, the fagging of school-life are epitomised in this vision of a solitary island, as are also a lad's ambition to "make something," to indulge in limitless carpentry and mechanical enterprise on his own account. Girls do not usually care for the book, although, as a rule, they prefer boys' books to the namby-pamby stuff which is usually provided for themselves. But solitude and hard work of an inventive character do not fascinate the fair sex. They would say with Cowper:—

> I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd,
> How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
> But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
> Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet.

Yes; "Robinson Crusoe" is the one great purely boys' book, and I have been glad to dip once again into its magic pages on receipt of a quite wonderful two-shilling edition which Messrs. Chatto and Windus have just published.

TATLER.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN (who came to town on Tuesday to hold the first Drawingroom of the season next day) is to hold an investiture of the Bath, Sir Michael and St. George, and the principal Indian orders before her departure for Aix-les-Bains. The ceremony (according to "Atlas") will take place in the White Drawing-room at Windsor Castle. There are a large number of Knights of the various orders waiting to be invested, as there has not been a regular investiture for nearly a year.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George paid a visit to Sheerness on Saturday, and inspected the armoured cruiser Warspite, which is going to the Pacific Station. Their Royal Highnesses had also intended to visit the Thrush, a new composite gun-vessel, but the inclement weather prevented them from doing so.

The Prince of Wales, whose attendance at the opening of the Forth Bridge is noted elsewhere, will probably leave for Berlin on the evening of Wednesday, March 19, travelling by the Calais, Brussels, and Cologne route. The Prince's stay at Berlin will not exceed five days, and he may possibly pay a brief visit to Paris before returning home. The Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud braced themselves for the Drawingroom by spending a few days at Sandringham.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Clarence House on Sunday afternoon from Coburg, and on Monday accompanied the Prince of Wales and Prince George, with the Duke of Fife, to Scotland, for the opening of the Forth Bridge.

The most exciting features of Parliamentary life have been the suspension of Mr. Labouchere, the senior member for Northampton, and a great speech by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Labouchere had moved a resolution on the Cleveland-street scandals, and expressed the opinion that Lord Salisbury was a party to the escape of one of the supposed culprits. In reply to a denial by the Prime Minister, conveyed through the Attorney-General, Mr. Labouchere declared that he did not believe his Lordship; whereupon Mr. Courtney, the Chairman of Committee, moved his suspension, and the editor of *Truth* was released from his Parliamentary duties for a week.

Mr. Gladstone's great speech on the 3rd inst. was a forcible reply to Mr. Smith's motion, and dealt with the report of the Parnell Commission, and he moved an amendment which recorded his reprobation of the false and odious charges, based on calumny and forgery, brought against members of the House, particularly Mr. Parnell, and to express regret for the wrong inflicted and suffering and loss endured by reason of these acts of flagrant iniquity. In the House of Lords the Marquis of Salisbury—who is much the better for his visit to Bournemouth—made a statement with respect to the West-End scandals, repudiating the suggestion that he had conspired to defeat the ends of justice.

Earl Spencer, addressing a crowded meeting at Wolverton on Saturday night, referred to the Report of the Parnell Commission, contending that on the question of complicity in crime Mr. Parnell and the Irish Party were absolutely acquitted. He had not hesitated, and did not hesitate now, as to the granting of Home Rule.

The future of Lord Wolseley must come under consideration within a few months (says the *World*). His extended tenure of office will expire this summer, and it is not probable that he will remain longer at the Horse Guards. That he will go out into the cold is, of course, impossible. But what will he be given? Not India, surely. It is too late for him again to take up Indian service, even in the highest post. There is nothing good enough for him nearer home except Ireland. And by this, a natural process of exhaustion, it may be very safely assumed that Lord Wolseley, on vacation of the Adjutant-Generalship, will succeed Prince Edward in Dublin as Commander-in-Chief.

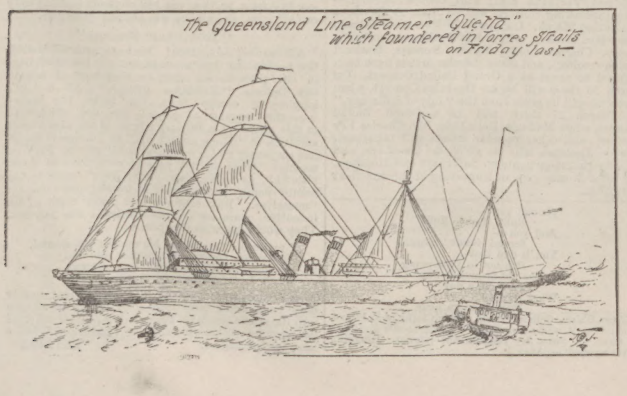
It is understood that Mr. Michael Davitt has commenced proceedings against the *Spectator* for libel. The alleged libel, it is stated, arises out of certain criticisms of that journal connecting Mr. Davitt with the Manchester rescue. The venue is laid in Dublin.

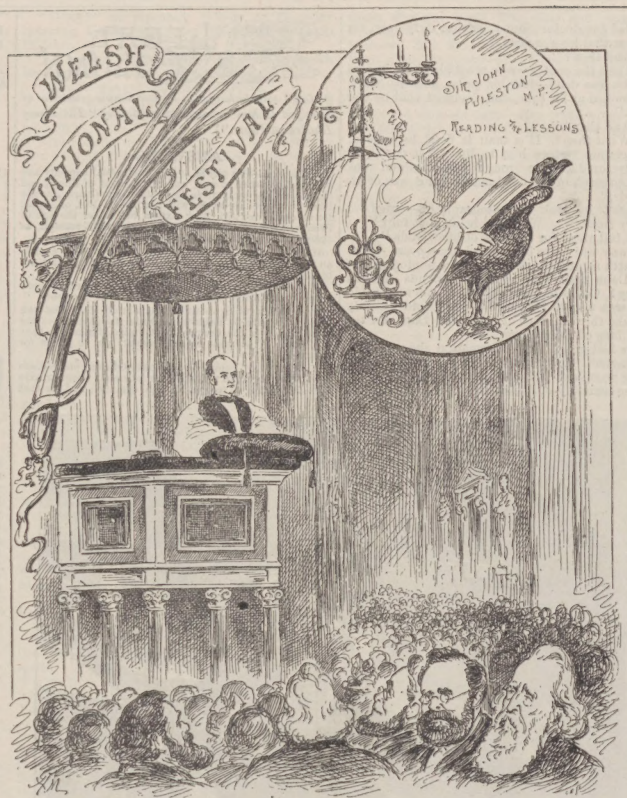
The Duchess of Portland gave birth to a daughter at the ducal mansion in Grosvenor-square on Feb. 28.

Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., spoke at a meeting of friendly and kindred societies held in the Mansion House last Saturday, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, to commend the Morley House Convalescent Home at St. Margaret's Bay, Dover, to public sympathy and support. Since the establishment of the Home, 2500 men, representing every trade and calling, have been inmates for periods of two to four weeks. Funds are urgently needed to wipe off a debt and extend the work.

Influenza is busy among us again. Among others

* TO CURE SKIN DISEASES.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[ADVT.]





THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH PREACHING IN WELSH IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

suffering are the younger members of the family of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster.

Mr. Astor was buried in Trinity Churchyard, in the heart of New York city, on the 2nd. The funeral, which was of a very simple description, was witnessed by 15,000 people. Mr. Astor frequently remarked that the family fortune was too large, and invited envious attack, which was a serious menace in these days of successful Socialism.

Sir Edward Baines, the well-known journalist, and proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury*, died at Leeds on Sunday, after a long illness, in his ninetieth year.

A letter from Mr. Stanley was recently read at a meeting of the City Corporation stating that he expected to reach London between April 15 and 20.

M. Constans, French Minister of the Interior, has resigned after a dispute with M. Tirard at the Cabinet Council on Saturday, and M. Bourgeois has been appointed to succeed him.

Father Kinsella and the other prisoners who were recently committed in connection with the Clongorey clearances were discharged from Kilkenny Jail on Saturday night.

The Archbishop of Canterbury preached to a crowded congregation in the Victoria Hall, Waterloo-road, last Sunday evening, from the words, "Give us this day our daily bread."

London and Paris—and also the Eden of Monte Carlo!—were last Sunday whitened by snow.

We greatly regret to say that, according to a telegram from Lloyd's agent at Mackay, Queensland, the steamer Quetta, belonging to the Queensland Steam Shipping Company, Austinfriars, London, and bound from Brisbane and other Queensland ports to London, is reported to have been lost with a fearful sacrifice of human life. Lloyd's agents at Brisbane telegraph, under date of Saturday, 9.10 p.m.: "The Quetta, British steamer, struck on an unknown rock near Somerset, Torres Straits, and became a total wreck. She sank almost immediately. It is reported that 200 souls were drowned."

The owners' telegram from Brisbane states: "The Quetta is a total loss. She struck on an alleged unknown rock at 9 p.m. yesterday [Feb. 28], near Somerset, Torres Straits, and sank three minutes afterwards. According to report, 100 were saved, including the captain. We fear the loss of life is considerable."

Reuter's Agency, telegraphing from Brisbane on Monday, states: "The Queensland Line steamer Quetta, bound from Brisbane for London, struck on an unknown rock off Cape York on Friday night, and sank in three minutes. She had 280 souls on board at the time, only 116 of whom are saved, among them being the captain, the second, third, and fourth officers, the purser, and the following saloon passengers: Miss Nicklin, Messrs. Corsen, Clarke, Renton, and Debney."

The Quetta left Cooktown on Feb. 27, and should have reached Thursday Island on Friday, Feb. 28. She was commanded by Captain Sanders, in whom much confidence was placed, and there would be a pilot on board, as a matter of course, between Cooktown and Thursday Island.

A later telegram from Brisbane reported, on March 3, that of 282 souls, all told, including 60 Javanese, 136 were saved. Yet a Queensland telegram was to the following effect: "Brisbane, March 3. 158 persons from the Quetta, including the first officer and Miss Lacy, have arrived at Thursday Island. The brother and sister of Mr. Archer, Agent-General for Queensland in London, are reported as among those missing."

A railway accident occurred at Carlisle last Tuesday morning. The brake of a London and North-Western train failed to act, and the train collided with a light engine. Four persons were killed. When the London Scotch express arrived at Carlisle, half an hour late, the brakes failed to act, in consequence, it is presumed, of the slippery state of the rails caused by a fall of sleet, and the train rushed through the station at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and, when it got 200 yards beyond the platform, it came into collision with the Caledonian Company's engine, which was coming up to the platform to take the express on to Scotland. The force of the impact was terrific. The engine-driver of the Scotch express, Thomas Rumney, had his ribs fractured; H. Davis, the fireman, and many passengers were also injured. The official list of the killed was as follows: William Lawles, valet to Colonel Hambro; Miss Lowson, Lothian-road, North Brixton, niece to Mr. Lowson, who is among the injured; Walter Ford and Mary Huxter, servants of Colonel Eyre, of Middleton Tias, Richmond, Yorkshire.

For the first time within living memory, and probably also for the first time in the history of the Metropolitan Cathedral, an evening service in the Welsh tongue was held on the eve of St. David's Day at St. Paul's. A *P.I.P.* Artist sketched some notable features. The service was organised by a body of London Welshmen, among whom the Rev. E. Killin Roberts, Welsh Chaplain at All Saints', Margaret-street, was a very prominent personage. The Dean of St. Paul's readily gave his assent to the service being held, and it may afford some indication of the cordial manner in which the idea was taken up by Welsh residents in the Metropolis to state that nearly 8000 special tickets were applied for and gratuitously distributed among Welsh families here, and that before the great doors were closed, and several hundreds of people had, owing to lack of room, been refused admission, upwards of ten thousand worshippers were present.

LOST VITALITY RESTORED.—THE MEXICAN LIFE PILLS, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases.—HAYNES and Co., Wednesbury.—[ADVT.]

THE RACING WORLD

As I was walking past the racehorses' quarters at Sandown Park on Saturday, I heard one of the Epsom lads say to another, "And I couldn't believe it, because he eat a good dinner last night." "Good gracious!" I said to myself, "is young Tom Aldcroft seriously ill after his fall?" Very soon I found out the subject of the first remark. Captain Boyce had died suddenly in the night. On Friday the Captain came to grief with Lady Ada in the March Steeplechase, but was quickly up again, apparently none the worse for the tumble. Now, in this same race Tom Adams, at the same jump, only after going nearly two miles, had an apparently awful smash. Welton came head over heels, broke his neck, and knocked Adams right out of time. If serious consequences followed the latter's spill, no one could have wondered. That fatal result should accrue from Captain Boyce's apparently harmless upset, no one for a moment feared.

Quite a Gloom

was cast over sport for a while by this disaster, although it could not be directly charged to racing account. Still, turf business is so heavy, and carried on at such very high pressure, that even fatalities are quickly out of mind. Many of those who thought they should not be able to forget the tragedy were soon busy backing or laying. By somewhat strange coincidence, important market moves were made on both the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase and Lincolnshire Handicap. For the last two or three weeks it was known that, despite all the rumour and forestalling, and complaints of bad prices left for the owner or owners of Ilex, the Epsom steeplechase would be heavily backed. Apparently the stable's patience was exhausted last week, for the gentleman who nominates the horse for the Grand National accepted £4000 to £500 in a bet. His agents have, however, previously

Drained the Market

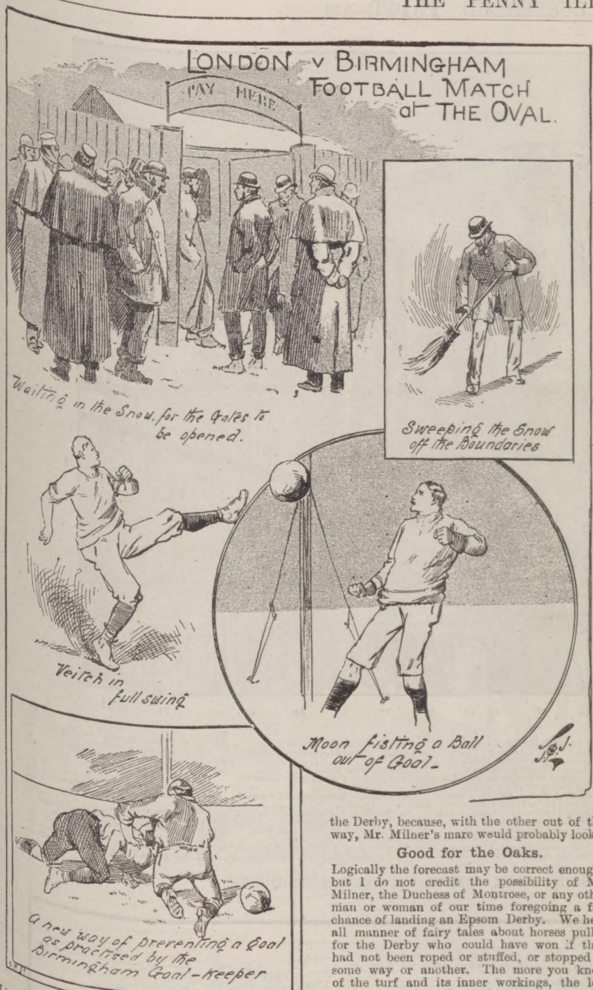
of all prices obtainable down to that limit, and altogether the horse's victory would bring a very large stake to Surrey. He has been well galloped with the very useful string trained at South Hatch. Both the young Nightingails have been promising a small fortune if Ilex wins, and all round the stable confidence is felt in him by the people best able to judge of his prospects.

Perhaps more money was involved in the second operation to which I have alluded, and that was the backing of Laureate for the Lincolnshire Handicap. All over the country, wherever a bookmaker was located, powder and shot was located, Mr. Hammond's Cambridgeshire winner was supported at some point or other.

The Commission Appeared Inexhaustible—

the stable commission, that is. Outsiders very promptly helped to absorb the available amount to be laid, and the consequence was that Laureate shortly figured as first favourite. When Mr. Luke Hammond puts the money down in earnest, he seldom fails to show us that he had good reason for his investment. I regret to hear that Dauntless, for he was, I thought, the pick of the handicap, has turned roarer. If that be so, he will not win.

ACHES and PAINS. Universal Embrocation. ELLIMAN'S
ELLIMAN'S for Rheumatism.
ELLIMAN'S for Lumbago.
ELLIMAN'S for Sprains.
ELLIMAN'S for Cuts.
ELLIMAN'S for Bruises.
ELLIMAN'S for Sore Throat from Cold.
ELLIMAN'S for Chest Colds.
ELLIMAN'S for Stiffness.
ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., Slough, England.



Lincolnshire handicap, and I must beg leave to take him out of my list of likely ones.

Chicago, the Australian Handicap

horse, who will be trained near Stamford by Mr. J. Eden Savill, gave no little trouble before he would condescend to land at Tilbury. After being cooped up for nearly six weeks, it was rather natural that Chicago—why call an Australian racer by an American name?—should be a little uncertain on his pins. The old horse made a false step, and came to the conclusion that he was not safe. It took nearly an hour and a half to get him on the rail. We cannot show a more skilful trainer than Mr. Savill, who trained a winner of the Melbourne Cup in Assyrian—a racer whose victory set all the Colonial Press looking up their "Byron," with a view to parodying the serious poem. The Ring-master last year was turned out in magnificent condition; and, if Chicago is good enough on his own account to win races over here, we may be sure that he will be sent to the post fit enough to do so.

A few days ago I alluded to the interest taken by colonial sportsmen in the Australian horses now in England. This week I have received another letter from the Antipodes, which tells me that berths are being booked in nearly all the steamers due to arrive here in time for the Derby, and that we shall see even more Australians in the old country than were here in any previous year. If that be so, England will not be out of pocket much should the

Blue Ribbon of the Turf

go to Narellan or Kirkham, because a big pile of money will be spent by the visitors. That they can win if

Surefoot Keeps Right

I will not for a moment suppose, and if Mr. Merry's grand colt, who is a little heavily built for his legs, should not turn out the best on the day, we have several others who ought to be able to render a good account of Mr. White's colts for the year. What that gentleman may do with us in 1891 or 1892, for which years he has youngsters specially bred to date age from Jan. 1 instead of Aug. 1, no one can guess. We may be certain of one thing, though, that he

Means to have a Good Try

to establish this theory—that Australian are better horses than ours. Blue Green is greatly fancied for the Two Thousand Guineas, and frequently backed. If any accident befall the favourite the Kingsclere colt might land, but not while the former is all right. Signorina, that phenomenally fast filly, has been amiss, through toothache, it is believed. She suffered similar trouble as a two-year-old, but the public never heard of the drawback. Prof. Loffler, who as a horse-dentist is undoubtedly clever, whatever he may be as a horse-tamer, has recently operated on Chevalier Ginestrelli's pet, and believes that by extracting some splinters he has removed all irritation. Let us hope this is so, for it would be a thousand pities not to see the (probably) smartest two-year-old filly of the generation go out of form through such a cause at three years of age. It is said that in case Signorina went amiss, Riviera may not be started for the Derby, because, with the other out of the way, Mr. Milner's mare would probably look

Good for the Oaks.

Logically the forecast may be correct enough; but I do not credit the possibility of Mr. Milner, the Duchess of Montrose, or any other man or woman of our time foregoing a fair chance of landing an Epsom Derby. We hear all manner of fairy tales about horses pulled for the Derby who could have won if they had not been roped or stuffed, or stopped in some way or another. The more you know of the turf and its inner workings, the less credence you attach to these yarns, because you can see so many valid reasons for wanting to win, and so much to be made by success—so much more, I should say—than by losing. Depend on it, not

One Owner in a Thousand

will miss a Derby if he can help doing so, and not one in ten thousand can see his way clear to getting a quarter as much out of stopping his horse, as he could earn honestly if he won. Depend upon it, if the Duchess of Montrose thinks Riviera able to carry off the Derby, the mare will be sent to the post, no matter whether the Oaks appears a dead certainty for her. At the same time, should the Wednesday opposition appear too strong, the stable might, and sensibly enough, prefer to wait for Friday's ladies' race—an affair in which Mr Milner's Consort and Mr. Stirling Crawford had a fair share of luck in past years.

Returning to the Spring handicaps, I should explain that Dictator is not lame, and right enough to be backed for good money by speculators and agents, who ought to know that he is worth following. For all that, some of the Irishmen swear hard and fast that the Dictator, who would be

Quite as Popular as the Liberator

if he won, will not, cannot be brought to Aintree fit to run. Surely poor backers ought not to be subject to anxieties, and worse, on account of irregularities, or alleged irregularities, in owners' entries. Here we have had all sorts of patented objections hoarded to be let loose at us should Roquefort win. Whether the protests are justified will be seen perhaps before next week. In any case it is most devoutly to be wished that all points for dispute may be settled and done with before the Grand National start.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

DURING the early part of the season for winter games, football, lacrosse, and hockey players were very lucky in having fine Saturdays. However unfavourable the weather was from Monday till Friday, on Saturday it cleared up, and enabled both players and spectators to enjoy themselves. Matters are, however, now being averaged, for anything more unsuitable for play than the weather on two out of the last three Saturdays could not well be, short of rendering play impossible altogether. On Saturday last

Snow Fell

all the morning in the London district; and so bad were matters at Kennington Oval that play in the time-honoured match at Association football between

London and Birmingham

was only barely possible, and even there prudence was exercised in limiting the duration of the game to an hour. The Association game is often possible when it would be madness to play the Rugby game, on account of the danger of bringing men down on frozen ground.

There are some players who have the happy knack of making the best of everything—that is, of turning abnormal conditions to their advantage. When there is anything disconcerting in the weather or state of ground, instead of thinking how bad it will be for them they picture the dismay of the other side, and resolve to turn this to account. In the first half of the match under notice Birmingham scored two goals, and, as in the second half each side scored one goal, it follows that

Birmingham Won

by three goals to one. This victory, by the way, is by no means unusual, and London has become quite used to defeat by a long series of disasters, not having won a match since 1881, before which time it did very well, winning six matches. That Birmingham should win is not very surprising, for in the team were three Wolverhampton Wanderers and five West Bromwich Albion players, the others being from Aston Villa, Birmingham St. George's, and Small Heath. There was nothing much to complain of in the London forward division, and on the whole the defeat was by no means a severe one under the circumstances.

When snow began to fall great fears were naturally felt that the great Rugby match, the most important of the whole season, between

England and Scotland

would not be played at Edinburgh. Snow fell there, surely enough, in the morning, but luckily ceased, and the match took place. The celebrated English three-quarter back, A. E. Stoddart, was unable to play, owing to the injury he received some ten days previously. His absence is always serious, but, as matters turned out, the English fifteen was

Good Enough.

Seven of them played against Wales in the mud fight at Dewsbury on Feb. 15, when Wales scored their first victory over England. Of the Scottish fifteen eleven played against Wales on Feb. 1, on which occasion Scotland won. England gained a try in each half, the second being converted into a goal, and as Scotland scored nothing, England won for the

Seventh Time

(to Scotland's three times), by four points to none. The result of this match must show how much Wales was helped by the weather in defeating England.

On the same day Wales was playing Ireland at Dublin, and there collateral form was well maintained by a draw being played, Ireland scoring a goal, from a try, in the first, and Wales one, from a try, in the second.

The Last International

Rugby match remaining to be played is England v. Ireland, and this takes place on the 15th inst., at Blackheath, and England ought certainly to win.

Although playing London, the resources of Birmingham were equal to raising a strong eleven to meet Lancashire. It was beaten by one goal to none only, while Birmingham St. George's demolished the crack Kentish club, Royal Arsenal (Woolwich), by four goals to one.

When last I wrote about the boat-race I had a good word for Cambridge. Then people were betting 2 to 1 on Oxford. Now they are gingerly offering 5 to 4. With disgust Oxford must have learned the news of J. C. Gardner, the

Victorious Stroke,

at last giving way to solicitation, and occupying his old seat. As he is now only a 12-st. man, he can get fit in the four weeks' practice he will have had by the time the race is rowed. Elin, who, like Holland in the rival boat, must be an accommodating oarsman, goes bow, to the elimination of Storrs. More than one of Cambridge's recent runs of success have been due to the excellence of their stroke; and, although Fletcher is the right man for Oxford to select, there is, of course, no comparing him with an oar of such experience as Gardner. The Cambridge Eight is already on view on the tideway, and Oxford will not be many days behind them. Then the Putney judges will

Put their Heads together,

and gradually, as the day of the race approaches, they will form that opinion on the merits of the two crews which is very rarely at fault.

Perhaps many of my readers may not be aware that the Austrians, and particularly the Austro-Hungarians, are the

Greatest Sportsmen

in Europe, of course after the English, to whom they are very partial. Prince Batthyany is one of the chief sportsmen, and he affects tennis and lawn-tennis, among other things. I remember well that, not many summers ago, he invited the Renshaws to his splendid place at Vienna. When over here on one occasion he received many courtesies from, among others, Mr. Julian Marshall, the great authority on tennis, and a member of the committee of the Queen's Club. As a, to him, trifling recognition he presented the club with a handsome cup, for lawn-tennis purposes, and this will form the leading trophy, in the shape of a challenge cup, in a competition commencing on Monday next, for the Ladies' Championship of the

Covered Courts.

The Gentlemen's Championship of the covered courts is held by E. W. Lewis, and I do not think that any-one will this year be found capable of dispossessing him of the title. The contest commences on Monday, the 17th inst., at the Hyde Park Club Court. On the following Monday, the 24th, the game will be kept going by the commencement, at the Queen's Club, of the Gentlemen's Four-handed Covered Court Championship. The number of those who are able to play in the winter is necessarily small, but the form shown is invariably good, and both courts that I have mentioned are capitally arranged for spectators.

BANSHEE.

The Kensington Rowing Club, which, by the way, is the only amateur club of mark left at Hammersmith, starts its season on the 22nd of this month, with what is practically the same committee as last year, and a long list of racing fixtures for the season. Its prospects are good, and a fair show ought to be made at some of the open regattas. The club meets at Biffin's Boathouse, Hammersmith: it has a smart captain in Mr. Norman Lubbock, and a zealous secretary in Mr. A. P Williams.

THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]

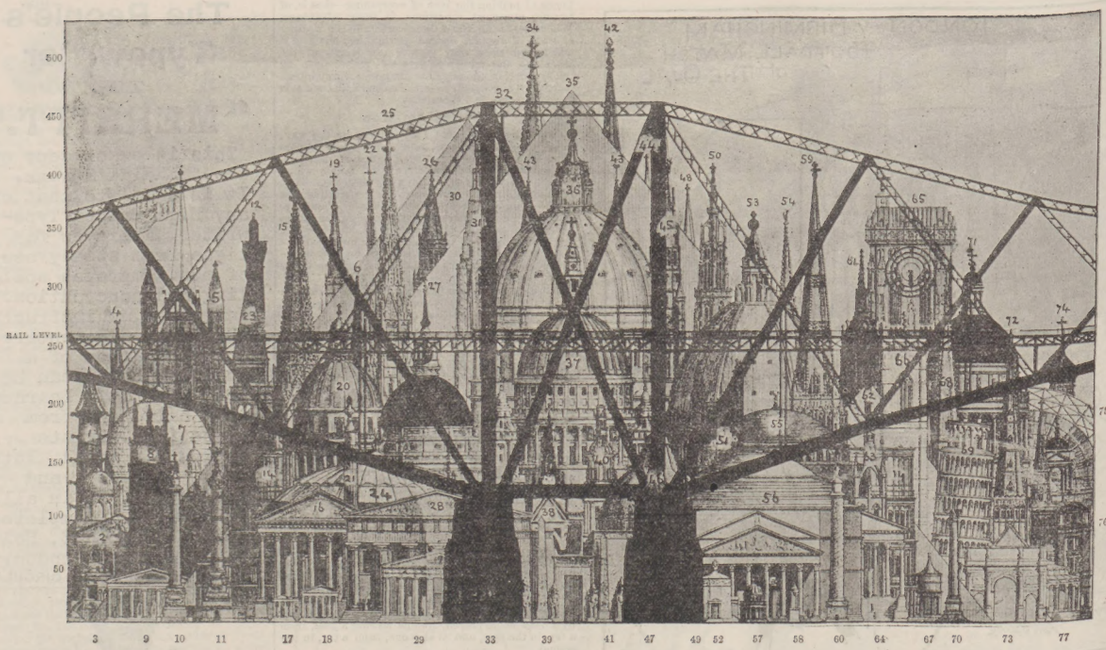
FITS.—EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS.—If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, write to the SECRETARY, Burwood House, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, London, and he will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.—[ADVT.]

The People's Typewriter
THE
"MERRITT."
This is exact copy of The "MERRITT'S work. It is equal to that of any High Priced Type-writer. Relieves fatigue from steady use of pen. Improves spelling and punctuation. Interests and instructs children. The entire correspondence of a business house can be done with it. Learned in a half hour from directions. Prints capitals, small letters, figures and characters, 78 in all. Price £3.3.0. complete. British Depot 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR.

BEAUTIFUL TEETH, THE CROWN OF BEAUTY.
When other charms have faded, a sound, white set of teeth redeems the countenance; but they should be brushed every day with **Sozodont**, in order to keep them white, or to render them so. This celebrated liquid
SOZODONT
FOR THE TEETH
is **purely botanic** in its composition, and is **entirely free** from any ingredient which could injure the teeth. On this account alone it is vastly preferable to the ordinary tooth powders and tooth pastes, which contain either gritty particles that wear away the enamel, or corrosive ingredients which dissolve it; and **Sozodont** has largely superseded all articles of its class–a fact which affords the best proof which can be furnished of its superior qualities.
Sold by all Chemists at **2s. 6d.**
BRITISH DEPOT:
46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

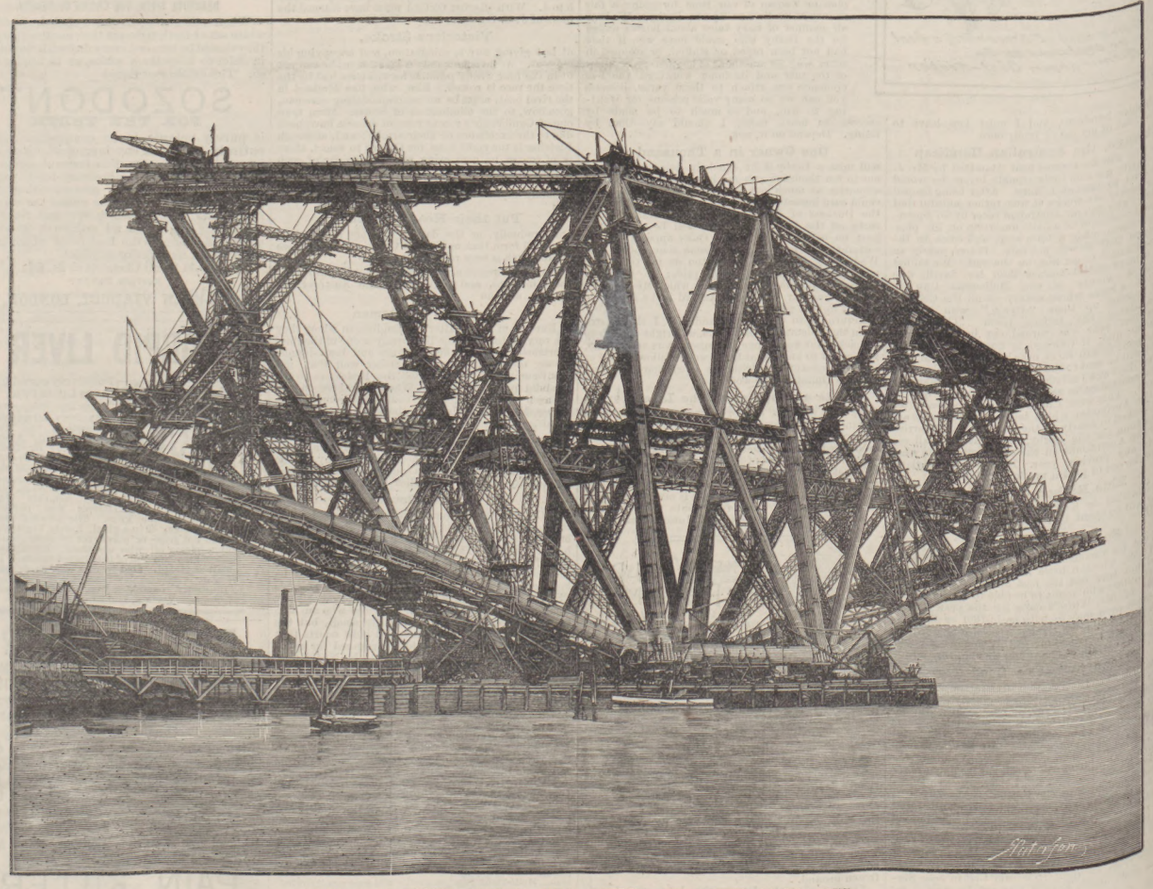
TORPID LIVER
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. TRADE MARK.
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1½d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.
Illustrated pamphlet free. British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

PAIN KILLER.
The Great Family Medicine. Get a Bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. Acts directly on the seat of Pain. Externally it cures Scalds, Burns, Boils, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Stings and Bites of Insects, &c. Internally it cures Colds, Liver Complaints, Headache, Heart-burn, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Colic, Diarrhœa, Cholera, &c. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Avoid Imitations under misleading names.
PAIN KILLER.



	Ft.
1. Porcelain Tower, Nankin, China	200
2. St. George's Hall, Liverpool	83
3. Tomb of Theodoric, Ravenna, about	50
4. Chichester Cathedral	271
5. Victoria Tower, Westminster	331
6. Boston Church, Lincolnshire	282
7. Taj Mahal, Agra	230
8. York Cathedral	198
9. Temple of Bacchus, Teos, about	50
10. Alexandrian Column, St. Petersburg	154
11. Column of July, Paris	154
12. Torre Asinelli, Bologna	370
13. Bell Tower, St. Mark's, Venice	323
14. Colosseum, Rome (584 ft. in length)	157
15. Friburg Cathedral	386
16. Temple of the Sun, Baalbec	120
17. Temple on the Ilissus, Athens, abt.	25
18. Erechtheium, Athens	35
19. Chartres Cathedral	403
20. Church of Ste. Geneviève, Paris	374
21. The Monument, London	202
22. Amiens Cathedral	383
23. Church of St. Theobald, Thann, abt	220
24. Royal Albert Hall, London	154
25. St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna	441
26. Torazzo of Cremona	396
27. Hôtel des Invalides Paris	340
28. Temple of the Giants, Agrigentum	116
29. Parthenon, Athens	66
30. Second Pyramid, Gheezeh	447
31. Strasburg Cathedral	468
32. Rouen Cathedral, about	460
33. Eleanor Cross, Waltham	50
34. Cologne Cathedral	510
35. Great Pyramid	460
36. St. Peter's, Rome	448
37. St. Paul's, London	360
38. Albert Memorial	180
39. Obelisk, Luxor	75
Prophylon	70
40. Bow Church, London	235
41. Cleopatra's Needle	68
42. Old St. Paul's, London	508
43. Church of St. Mary, Lübeck	400
44. Abbey of St. Stephen, Caen	400
45. Church of St. Martin, Landshut, abt.	460
46. The Baptistery, Pisa	190
47. Tomb at Mylasa, Caria, about	50
48. Church of St. Peter, Hamburg	380
49. Obelisk in Piazza di San Giovanni in Laterano, Rome	153
50. Antwerp Cathedral	403
51. "Bell Harry" Tower, Canterbury	235
52. Tower of the Winds, Athens, about	45
53. The Cathedral, Florence	376
54. Hôtel de Ville, Brussels	374
55. Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople	182
56. Pantheon, Rome	143
57. Chapel of St. Pietro Montorio, Rome, about	40
58. Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, Athens	34
59. Salisbury Cathedral	404
60. Trajan Column, Rome	134
61. Cathedral, Frankfort-on-Main	326
62. Pyramid of Mycerinus	218
63. Church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle	201
64. Temple of Jupiter Stator, Rome, about	98
65. Mechlin Cathedral	320
66. Bell Tower, Florence	300
67. Tomb of Absalom, Jerusalem	54
68. Norwich Cathedral	160
69. Leaning Tower, Pisa	179
70. Pompey's Pillar, Alexandria	252
71. Church of St. Isaac, St. Petersburg	222
72. Central Spire, Lichfield	256
73. Western Spire	70
74. Arch of Constantine, Rome, about	200
75. Central Transept, Crystal Palace	168
76. Science Schools, S. Kensington	150
77. Temple of Vesta, Tivoli about	50

THE HEIGHT OF THE FORTH BRIDGE COMPARED WITH OTHER TOWERING EDIFICES.



HOW THE FORTH BRIDGE WAS BUILT: THE FIFE MAIN PIER.

The Prince to Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny: "Ay, 'tis a masterpiece of engineering. And the great bridge is a new bond of Union. I fully believe it will largely conduce to the development of the commercial and social interests of the Kingdom by bringing the manufacturing towns north of the Firth of Forth into more direct and unbroken communication with London and the prosperous centres of trade and industry in England." And so say all of us!

THE PRINCE OF WALES SEES IN THE FORTH BRIDGE A FRESH LINK TO BIND SCOTLAND TO ENGLAND.

BUILDING OF THE FORTH BRIDGE.

One of the keenest of the London Pressmen who chronicled the opening of the Forth Bridge by the Prince of Wales on Tuesday traced the history of this marvel of engineering as succinctly as his Royal Highness himself could have done. The idea of throwing a bridge across the Forth is nearly two hundred years old at least, and in the early days of the present century a suspension bridge was actually designed. We must travel, however, to the flourishing times of the railway before we deal with practical facts. The North British Railway Company, thirty years ago, considered the question with a view to business, and examined the estuary half a dozen miles westward of Queensferry. The water was shallower, but it was two miles and a half wide. Still, Parliamentary sanction was obtained, and the land lines of railway were mapped out, but the bed of the river was, after all, found to be unsatisfactory, and the scheme was abandoned.

Other schemes were suggested, but the real commencement was made when upon the completion of Sir Thomas Bouch's design for a suspension bridge the Forth Bridge Railway Company was formed in 1873. The works were in due time begun, and a small brick pier upon Inchgarvie Islet remains as evidence. In December 1879 however, the memorable Tay Bridge disaster occurred, and the design, though not the project, was put aside by an abandonment Bill in 1881.

Here union once more proved to be strength, for the North British, Great Northern, North Eastern, and Midland Railway Companies joined hands in an undertaking to secure direct communication with the north of Scotland, and a unanimous report from the consulting engineers declared that the design of Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker for a steel bridge upon the cantilever and central girder system was the least expensive and best suited for the position. Another invocation of Parliament resulted.

The shareholders of the Forth Company were satisfied with their guarantee of four per cent, and the final act authorised the construction of a continuous girder bridge across the Firth of Forth, from North to South Queensferry, having two spans of 1710 ft., two of 675 ft., fourteen of 168 ft., and six of 50 ft., a clear headway of 150 ft. at high water spring tides being allowed. The work, as is well known, has been completed very near the contract time.

The actual details of the Forth Bridge are as follows: Two spans each 1710 ft.; two spans each 680 ft.; depth of main girders at piers, 360 ft.; depth of main girders at centre, 50 ft., width of bridge at piers, 120 ft.; ditto at centre,

HOW THE FORTH BRIDGE WAS BUILT: MODEL TO ILLUSTRATE THE CANTILEVER PRINCIPLE.

THE CANTILEVER PRINCIPLE IN EDINBURGH.

32 ft.; clear headway for navigation at high water, 150 ft.; deepest foundation below high water, 80 ft.; highest part of bridge above high water, 360 ft.; depth of water in centre of channel, 210 ft.; weight of steel used in construction, over 42,000 tons; total length of bridge, including approach viaducts, 1 mile 937 yards; ditto steel work, 1 mile 873 yards 2 feet 6 inches. The estimated cost of the bridge was £1,650,000, and the cost of the connecting branches of railway on either side £150,000. The total cost will, however, exceed two millions.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

The Piquant Tea-Gown,

copied from the *Lady's Pictorial*, may be commended to the notice of the hosts of friends I am very happy to think "Marguerite" has made throughout the kingdom. It is at the same time becoming and comfortable, neat and pretty. The credit of making this dainty costume must be awarded to Mesdames C. and A. Quittmann, of 16, Piccadilly, who are acquiring quite a reputation for the fabrication of tasteful tea-gowns. It is skilfully made of pale heliotrope or Parma violet cashmere, smartly cut, and arranged with a yoke formed of alternate straps of dark-violet velvet and rows of tiny tucks of cashmere. Round the waist the fulness is drawn in with heliotrope ribbons, while the jacket is bordered by a finely pleated flouncing

A PRETTY NEW TEA-GOWN.

of cream lace. As will be observed, the sleeves are made pretty full. It is a charming costume.

When I had finished my few remarks upon servants last week, I could not help thinking what a wide subject it was, and how few mistresses there are who agree about the proper treatment of those inmates of our houses, upon whom so much of the comfort of our own lives depends. When I sometimes air some of my

Theories

upon "domestic service" I get well snubbed for my pains; but, I confess honestly, I have the greatest possible pity for that ofttimes overworked and, I believe, much-traduced creature the maid-of-all-work. Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited, who are real benefactors to the race, brought out at the end of last year a first-rate

Work of Reference

called "The Book of the Household." I quite agree with the writer or compiler of it that when one servant only is kept the mistress of the house ought not only to give a helping hand but take a substantial share of the lighter part of the work upon herself, and some of the heavier part too, perhaps. If she is fond of

Cooking,

or, perhaps I should say, if she knows anything of it, she might take the preparation of dinner upon herself; but, whether she works little or much, what she does should be done systematically, not one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow. I fully agree that when "a mistress is energetic and managing it is wonderful how comfortably the work of a house may be got through," but, in my humble opinion, if she is without

System and Method,

she and her solitary domestic will be in a state of perpetual muddle; and the more energetic the mistress the greater the muddle. If she is systematic, the mistress of a small household can always have things done in her own way; but, with her own way, she must know her own mind, or her "way" will be very little good to her. I said just now now that I had pity for the

Maid-of-all-Work,

and so I have; but if she has the good fortune to serve a kindly and unselfish mistress, one who has learned the "golden rule," and keeps it to the best of her skill and knowledge, she is not an object for pity by any means. And if the mistress happens to be a clever head of the house, just think of all the young servant can learn if she has the sense to do so? There ought to be more real

Trust,

more true give and take than there is between mistress and servants. I know a lady at the present moment who keeps one servant only in a small flat, but she is never satisfied, simply because she expects what she will never find on earth—perfection, and she treats her domestic as if she were a mere

Machine.

Never a kind or sympathetic word has she for her—not a kind thought even, and the consequence is she is always changing. There is another point I should like to touch upon—namely, that it is impossible for anyone to expect a very good servant for very low wages. Among the cheap things that are almost

Invariably Bad

are servants and gloves! The fact that this is so does not prove that all servants who get high wages are good: not at all; but, if the head of a house is lucky enough to find a good, capable servant, let her have liberal wages. But perhaps you will say, "We can't afford it." Then,

Stint Yourself

in something in order to be able to afford it. I am glad to find the writer in the "Book of the Household" before quoted is with me on this point. "Remember," she says, "that a servant's salary is spread over a whole year; and think also of the many ways in which that servant has power to save expenses if she is

Honest and Thrifty,

and to waste things if she is careless and extravagant. . . . The wisest policy is to pay liberally, and so destroy the sordid spirit of calculation as to whether more is given than is received." I often think it is a pity that mistresses show so little trust in their servants. It is even better to be

Deceived

sometimes than to be perpetually prying after what goes on in your kitchen. Of course, I am aware that this advice may be abused, and a lazy mistress who does me the honour to read the "World of Women" might make what I have said an excuse for never, perhaps, going into her

Kitchen;

but that is to err on the other side. It is only the good sense, kindliness, and tact of a mistress that can teach her the proper amount of trust and supervision she must exercise: she must learn by experience how to deal with those who serve her for wages. There are people in the world who never learn anything. Mistresses and servants suffer alike from this

Terrible Inability

to learn. It comes either from self-esteem, ignorance, or conceit. Now, every one of those three vices—for they are vices—can be cured; and, if any of you are affected with them, the sooner you set about the cure the better for yourselves and for those with whom you live. Next week, perhaps, I may have a word or two to say to the

Maid-of-all-Work

herself. She must not imagine that, because I have been lecturing the mistress this week, that she, the maid, is never in fault.

Now, how would you like a receipt for a nice Lenten dish? You will, perhaps, agree with me that, among fish, plaice is by no means the best or most tasty. Well, next time you look with longing eyes at the

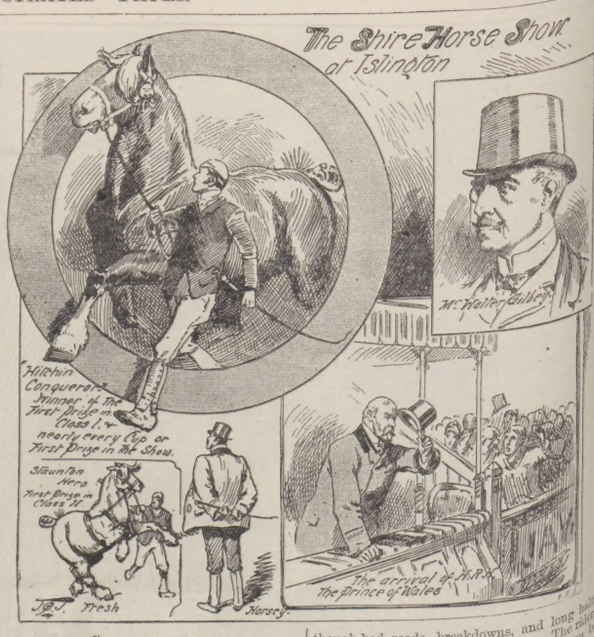
Expensive Soles

at the fishmonger's, and wish they were not so dear, and say to yourself, "I hate those flabby plaice," remember that they are very nice indeed if they are nicely stewed like eels in a good rich brown gravy: not greasy, watery stuff, but smooth, rather thick, and nicely flavoured brown gravy. I think, when you have tasted plaice done in that way, you will agree with me that it is very good. MARGUERITE.

THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW

has grown, under the fostering care of Mr. Walter Gilbey, to be quite a national institution. One of the ubiquitous Artists of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* sketched some features of last week's great Shire Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, the day the Prince of Wales, a true friend of "man's best friend," visited the excellent exhibition, and was conducted round by Mr. Gilbey, who was sartorially the pink of perfection, as usual. The Elsenham Challenge Cup, of the value of 100 guineas, for the best stallion in the show, the gift of Mr. Walter Gilbey, was awarded to the seven-year-old Hitchin Conqueror (4458), belonging to Mr. A. B. Freeman-Mitford, which had previously carried off the first prize in Class 1, for stallions five years old and upward, of the height of 16 hands 2 inches. He is a powerful bay, with a grand head and crest. In front he seems perfection itself. The Lockinge Challenge Cup, of the same value as the other, for the best mare or filly in the show, the gift of Lord Wantage, was carried off by Mr. R. N. Sutton-Nelthorpe's Starlight.

TO ATHLETES. — CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[ADVT.]



CYCLE & CAMERA

OLD landmarks pass from our gaze one by one, caused mostly by that all-absorbing monster "Improvements." The old Greyhound, Croydon (of which we give a sketch), is threatened, I see. The Croydon Corporation, in solemn conclave assembled, have decided (so I am informed on good authority) to widen the High-street at this point, and so the old Greyhound, with its familiar sign stretching across the road, will soon be one of the things of the past. Now, it may be quite necessary to make this improvement, but at the same time it does seem a sort of sacrilege to sweep away any of these few remaining evidences of those not altogether misnamed "good old times." In those days, the Greyhound was the last place for stopping to change horses before reaching London by the Brighton coach. Then all was bustle and noise, and passengers stretched themselves and partook of something for the good of their inner man, until the horn sounded and away they went again. After railways had driven all less speedy means of travelling off the road, the Greyhound, like most other posting stations, settled down into a quiet country town business, only to be roused again into greater activity on cycling coming into vogue. The Croydon Cycling Club have their headquarters in this hotel, and on Thursdays hold very enjoyable social evenings in their club-room.

Though the signatures to the "round robin" have been many, it does not seem so certain, after all, that there will be no cycle show in 1891. The directors of the Crystal Palace evidently look upon it as a paying affair, and propose to hold one if the Stanley Show does not. If a real exhibition could be given, and not the huge bazaar of the last two or three winters, I, for my part, should be glad if 1891 did not pass without its show. And, if it could only be held nearer the centre of London, I do not believe there would again be a complaint of the attendance falling off.

The idea of a Cyclists' Clubhouse seems to be spreading. Sheffield riders have had a general meeting to consider the scheme for their own town. It was proposed to form a company and issue a thousand £1 shares. But very little enthusiasm was shown, though there seemed to be a general feeling that a clubhouse would be rather a good thing.

In London, each week brings greater promise of the scheme being realised. It is now almost certain that the Cyclists' Club House will be located near St. James's Park. More than half the shares have been taken up; and there only remain some twenty or thirty vacancies in the list of original members—that is, members who are admitted among the first three hundred at one guinea for town and half a guinea for country. Whoever thinks of belonging had better join at once, as after the first three hundred an entrance fee will be charged, and the dues will, probably, be raised to all but original members. Of course the man who gets in among the first three hundred will always pay a guinea, no matter what the others pay. And remember there are now only about twenty-five vacancies left.

I see that Messrs. Seeley have reissued Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's "Canterbury Pilgrimage," and put it on all Smith's bookstalls. It is but a shilling, and a big shilling's worth at that. It was one of the first accounts of a cycling tour which seemed to catch on, and apparently is still catching on with the general as well as with the cycling public.

In France cyclists have been testing the steam tricycle, with not very brilliant results. Nine days from Paris to Lyons is not much of a record, though bad roads, breakdowns, and long hours are given as the reason for bad time. The riders think that before long their machines can be ridden at a speed of twenty-four kilometres the hour. The most hopeful, however, cannot look for any such speed on Hale's water cycle. The great objection to steam and water cycles is that on one you do not do enough work, on the other you do too much.

The road question is still the most prominent in the American cycling papers, and the outlook for the United States is promising. A Bill is to be drawn up and presented at the next State Legislature in Pennsylvania, and in Rhode Island the Governor, in his message, has been saying some very sensible things on the subject of roads improvements, which are true the world over. The following might be made a text for all Road Improvements Associations: "To keep well-built roads in good repair, under intelligent supervision and single authority, is not costly; a poor road is costly under all circumstances."

One realises that the riding and racing season is almost upon us when one sees the announcement of the Surrey Bicycle Club's spring meeting for April 18.

But it did not feel much like spring last Sunday morning when I started off, on the second day of the so-called first spring month, for a ride. The Sunday before the riding had been fair enough, and I believe Richmond Park and the Ripley road had quite a summery look, as far as the number of riders was concerned. But last Sunday the streets were a sheet of ice; it was bitterly cold, and there were occasional squalls of snow. My machine went all right, but the roads were hilly and rough, and one was jolted all over. Most man on a spring-framed Safety, who seemed to be getting on vastly better than I was. But the poor fellows on ordinaries were having an awful time of it. I only rode as far as Hammersmith, that was enough for me. Let us hope for better things next Sunday. N.C.C.

SEE "CYCLE AND CAMERA."

LONDON RAMBLES.

TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

It is the privilege of the Rambler to take his walks abroad whithersoever chance or fancy may lead him, throwing to the winds the system and methodical habits of the regular sightseer. But for this, some weeks ago, when I set out on my London rambles, I certainly should have started from Trafalgar-square, the very centre and heart of the great Metropolis.

* * * * *

But because I came to it after wandering about so many places, I am quite sure I do not appreciate it less than the sightseer. There is no one in Europe, worthy in every way of the heroes to whom it is really a great out-of-door temple. Indeed, in my appreciation I go further than many, and find additional beauty and grandeur where they can only see artistic or architectural defects. If I am not mistaken, it is Mr. Ruskin who thinks the base of the Nelson monument a serious blemish, but for my life I cannot see it; while, though I do not look upon the general (gallery as a model for the architects of the future, I cannot agree with the critics who declare it has simply ruined what ought to have been an unrivalled square: for I think its long low line against the grey skies of winter, or the soft white cloud-piles of summer, an admirable background, serving to add to the impressiveness of the great monument.

* * * * *

Until within the last few years, Nelson's fame overpowered that of the other heroes honoured in this temple, just as his monument belittles them. I am sure that of the hundreds who remember him, and the victories he won for England in our days of sore need, as they passed through Trafalgar-square, but one or two had a thought for Sir Henry Havelock, the deliverer of Lucknow, or for Sir Charles James Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, though both are men the country cannot well afford to forget.

* * * * *

But to-day Nelson has a rival in the love and respect of his countrymen, and I am afraid that now, where hundreds of passers-by think of him, thousands give praise in their hearts to Gordon, the great hero of modern England. The wreaths that decorate his monument are only too plain a proof of this. It is therefore only as it ought to be that, though Nelson from his column looks down upon him from on high, the beauty of the statue of the new hero can make one even lose sight for a moment of the far more commanding monument—that is, in point of size. Everyone knows, or should know, that this is the work of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, the Royal Academician, one of the leaders among the small group of artists who have revived sculpture in England. I am sorry that the photograph published here was made before Gordon's statue had been erected; but, after all, in such a bird's-eye view its beauty could not very well be shown. What I wanted to give in the Illustration was the effect of the Square as a whole, and I am sure there are not many Englishmen who have not already studied the statue in detail.

* * * * *

With a few more such statues Trafalgar-square would possess an art-distinction that one now must seek in the open places of Italy or of France, often so much less fine in other ways. In the Gordon monument one sees all that is best in modern English art. In the near National Gallery, on the other hand, one sees all that is best in the English love of art. For, though Englishmen are so often accused of not being artistic—as, indeed, they are not in much of the art-work produced by them to-day—it is a curious fact that they have succeeded in gathering together a collection of pictures which is by far the most valuable for purposes of comparative study to be found the world over. Of course, the gallery of Madrid is richer in Velasquezes; the Pitti and Uffizi, in the great Italian masters; Rembrandt can be seen to greater advantage in The Hague, Rubens in Antwerp. But nowhere else are all these painters so admirably represented—even though the number of examples of each may be few—in any one gallery. The student of the history of art and the lover of good pictures, as well as the art-student himself, could not find a greater wealth of material. And if the great mass of the people had only the opportunity to visit the National Gallery and really get to know its treasures, we would hear less of their artistic blindness. It is to be hoped the day will not be long in coming when, like the British Museum, it will be open to them in the evening. It is hardly known yet what effect electric light would have on the pictures—it is not likely that it will have any, and, as soon as this is determined to be a fact, the evening opening of the Gallery should be earnestly agitated.

* *

It is on coming out, and lingering on the top of its wide flight of steps, leaning over the balustrades between the columns, that the picturesqueness peculiar to London is best to be appreciated. The long line of Parliament-street, gay with red and green buses, and shut in by tall grey houses, leads to where the Westminster towers rise, like shadows against the grey mist. And the foreground to this picture is Trafalgar-square, with its fountains and statues.

THE RAMBLER.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

From the series of London Photographs by Frith and Co., of Reigate.

"Cleaning Silver."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using Goddard's Non-Mercurial Plate-Powder. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[Advt.]

TEL-EL-KEBIR REMINISCENCES.

Ex-Sergeant Palmer, of the 79th Highlanders, one of the bravest of her Majesty's regiments, has revived our interest in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, of which we publish a pictorial reminiscence. This British victory was achieved, it will be remembered, in the Summer of 1882, Lord (then Sir Garnet) Wolseley being the Commander-in-Chief of the Anglo-Indian forces. This skilfully planned and well-executed dash on Tel-el-Kebir sealed the fate of Arabi Pasha, who was shortly after captured. Sergeant Palmer clearly describes in the *Nineteenth Century* magazine the battle of Tel-el-Kebir as he saw it fought—describes with a frankness, a simple naked sincerity, which brings out its plucky deeds better than the best description of the trained writer. Here are some of the points.

"The First March

was, of course, our worst. The men were soft with inaction aboard ship, and the heat and drink told on them dreadfully. The scenes of it are vividly in my memory still; how men were knocked over by the sun and buried where they fell; how others, falling exhausted, were borne to the adjacent railway line to await the chance of a passing train; how the piteous yells of the prisoners being flogged cut the darkness like a knife. Then the

Mad Struggle for Water

when the 'Halt' sounded—the rush to the foul and stinking misnamed 'Sweetwater Canal,' faces buried in the putrid water, men fighting for

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889, GOLD MEDAL AWARDED TO J. S. FRY & SONS.

Fry's Pure Cocoa

CONCENTRATED.

This choice preparation of Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for breakfast or supper.

HALF A TEASPOONFUL IS SUFFICIENT TO MAKE A CUP OF MOST DELICIOUS COCOA.

Lancet.—"Pure and very soluble."

Medical Times.—"Eminently suitable for Invalids."

Sir C. A. Cameron, M.D.—"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

☞ *TO SECURE THIS ARTICLE ASK FOR*

"FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA."

FORTY-ONE PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO

J. S. FRY and SONS,

BRISTOL, LONDON, and SYDNEY, N.S.W.

EX-SERGEANT PALMER'S REMINISCENCES OF TEL-EL-KEBIR: THE GALLANT HIGHLANDERS' IRRESISTIBLE CHARGE OVER THE EARTHWORKS.

room to kneel, snatching and emptying the kettles as fast as they were filled, till at last they had to be escorted to the cooking-places under the protection of guards, so that tea could be made, which, with ship biscuit, was the supper of officers and men. All night we lay in an abominable stench, the cause of which morning revealed. It came in great measure from the canal, which, as an Irishman said, was 'shtiff' with the dead bodies of camels and horses, and there were many human corpses as well. This ghastly water we were forced to drink; it was that or go without. I filtered my water-bottle full, against the day's march; the contents still remained the colour of mud, and had a loathsome slimy taste. What of stench the canal did not yield came from the unburied bodies of horses and Egyptians that lay around the bivouac.

The Captain's Address.

'Men, you are marching to-night to attack a strongly intrenched position called Tel-el-Kebir, mounting some sixty guns sweeping our line of approach. On the march from Nine Gun Hill there must be no smoking, the strictest silence must be kept, and, unless ordered to the contrary, you are to continue the march steadily, no matter if bullets and shells come hailstone fashion into the ranks. No bayonets are to be fixed till the order is given, and no man is to charge until the last note of the bugle is finished. The bayonet alone is to do the work, and not a shot is to be fired until the trenches are carried. You are to fight on so long as a man stands up. Remember the country and the regiment you belong to; and fight now as fought the Highlanders of old!'

"The 79th had marched quite one hundred yards with their rifles at the slope when the command 'Prepare to charge!' was given. Down came the rifles of the front rank of the unbroken line,

The 'Charge!' Sounded,

and as the last note of the bugle died away a tremendous cheer was raised, the pipers struck up the slogan, and with our gallant Colonel in front shouting 'Come on, the Camerons!' the ranks broke into double time, and, still cheering with all their power, swept forward on the enemy's position. One of the pipers, just as he began to play, had his bagpipes pierced by a bullet, and most discordant sounds escaped from the wounded instrument. 'Gude faith,' cried the piper philosophically, 'but the bullet's a deevilitch sicht better through her wame than through mine!'

'The Big Egyptian Officer.'

"Setting out to follow the regiment I came suddenly face to face with a big Egyptian officer, revolver in one hand, sword in the other. He fired and hit me on the right hand, but the bullet glanced off a ring I wore, and I rushed at him with the bayonet. He warded off my first thrust and my second; I then feinted, he swung his sword round for the parry, and had not time to recover it before the bayonet was in him. A pull on a blue seal hanging from his tunic brought to light a silver watch, which I still keep as a remembrance of him.

The First Wounded Man

I attended to was an Egyptian, whose m[illegible] were piteous; and, on examination, I found [illegible] severely wounded in the belly. I poured some eau de Cologne down his throat, and used my own surgical bandage to bind up his wound as to keep the flies from it. Then I lit a cigarette, put it in his mouth, placed more beside him, and gave him a drink of water. He kissed my hand, and muttered something about 'Allah.' I had not left him far, when I heard the crack of a rifle, and a bullet whizzed by my ear. Looking round, I saw the smoke of the shot drifting away from where my wounded man lay, and noticed that he was quietly taking aim at me again. He had time to fire a second shot, which also missed me, before I reached him, and I had no compunction in driving the life out of him with my bayonet, remarking to myself as I [illegible] the weapon out of him for the last time, 'You won't come that game any more, you ungrateful brute!' Many such instances of this treacherous hate occurred."

THE QUEEN'S DRAWINGROOM DAY: YEOMEN OF THE GUARD ON THE MARCH TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE FIRST DRAWINGROOM

of the London Season, which draws the Queen from Windsor Castle to Buckingham Palace, infuses a welcome dash of colour into London life. Spectators standing in the western strip of the Mall reaching from Marlborough House to the Palace witness a succession of enlivening processions, none more brilliant than the march of the quaintly garbed Yeomen of the Guard from St. James's Palace to add lustre to the gay groups within the Palace. We have much pleasure in delineating this march of the Yeomen of the Guard; and for their history we refer the reader to Mr. Thomas Preston's illustrated record, published by Messrs. Thomas Harrison and Sons, Pall-mall.

* * * * * *

The Queen's Drawingrooms might, perhaps, be held at a less inclement period of the year—a proposition particularly acceptable when the snow is on the ground, and ice is on the ponds and ornamental waters. But it is a fact that the bleakest weather is faced not only by the numerous fair and charming *débutantes*, who are the admired of all admirers as they patiently sit in their carriages, blue with cold, maybap, but yet visions of girlish beauty in their foamy white dresses faultlessly made by the leading *modistes*—models of dressmaking elegance for the *Lady's Pictorial*. There also flock to the Mall of St. James's Park bevies of Londoners, curious to gaze at the shining carriages and rubicund coachmen and footmen; knots of dressmakers and milliners, full of admiration for the latest fashions in Court costumes; and public interest reaches its height when the Prince of Wales, and the Princess who has won all our hearts, and one or two of her winsome daughters flash past in their state chariots. Within the Palace itself, the scene is a feast of beauty, crowned by the presentations to her Majesty the Queen, who is now materially helped in these functions by the Princess of Wales.

Lord Hartington, writing from Port Said on Feb. 19 to a member of the House of Commons, speaks of a great improvement in his health, and of having spent without fatigue a long day at Pompeii while the steamer Bengal, on which he was travelling, was at Naples.

The Action brought by Sir Morell Mackenzie against Mr. Edward Steinkopff, to recover damages for libel contained in letters written to Mr. Frederick Greenwood, when editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, came on for hearing before Mr. Baron Huddleston and a special jury. In the result a verdict was returned for the plaintiff, damages £1500. An action against the *Times*, arising out of the same circumstances, was settled on the terms that £150 should be paid to the plaintiff in addition to the taxed costs, Sir H. James, for the paper in question, expressing regret that the letters had been published by mistake.

STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT THE EXAMINATION HALL OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

A REGAL STATUE.

On the 24th of May last the Prince of Wales unveiled the statue of the Queen placed in the vestibule of the Examination Hall of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. It will be remembered that the Queen laid the foundation-stone of that building on the Victoria Embankment, above Waterloo Bridge. The statue, which is the work of Mr. F. J. Williamson, sculptor, represents her Majesty, lifesize, and standing, wearing robes of semi-state, with a skirt of superb lace, a silk train trimmed with miniver, and a delicately wrought veil of Honiton lace surmounted by a small crown. On her breast are the Order of the Garter, with the ribbon and star, and the Orders of the Crown of India and Victoria and Albert. The jewels worn are a diamond necklace and diamond bracelets. One of the hands—which are slightly crossed—carries a fan and a lace handkerchief. The plinth of the statue is decorated with curious Indian ornamentation, and the pedestal is, like the effigy it bears, wrought in the best Sicilian marble, carved in panels. With the pedestal the monument stands 11 ft. high, and has a very imposing appearance. As yet there is no inscription, but one will be affixed. It may be added that her Majesty gave Mr. Williamson several sittings for the bust of the statue, and that the dress is copied from articles worn by the Queen.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe—who is by no means so infirm in either body or mind as to be prevented from taking daily exercise or keeping up a casual correspondence with her friends—recently received a very sympathetic letter from Mr. Gladstone. Among her other recent correspondents is the Duke of Argyll. Both the letters are highly prized by the venerable author.

The Inquest on Amelia Jeffs, the little girl who was so cruelly murdered in an empty house at West Ham, was resumed on Monday last. When it transpired that the keys of the house in which the child was found had been missing for some months, the Coroner further adjourned the case in order to give the police another opportunity of tracing into whose possession they had fallen.

It is stated that the Emperor Francis Joseph has invited Dom Pedro to spend the summer near Vienna at the Imperial castle of Hitzendorf, and that the ex-Emperor of Brazil has accepted the invitation. One of the reminiscences attaching to Hitzendorf is very sad. Archduke Albrecht's youngest daughter, the Archduchess Matilda, was burned to death there in 1869. She was standing at a window of the castle talking to a cousin, and, anxious not to let him see that she was smoking, she held her hand down with a cigarette in it. The flimsy muslin caught fire, and before any one could enter the room she was in flames. She was then twenty years old, and was about to be engaged to King Humbert, then Crown Prince of Italy.

FUN AND FANCY.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

A TRAVELLER, calling at an hotel, left his umbrella in the stand with a label attached, on which was written in bold characters: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow with his fist of the force of 250 lbs. Coming back in ten minutes."

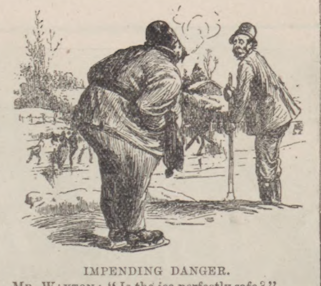
Having accomplished his errand, he went to look for his umbrella, but found in its place a card inscribed as follows: "This card belongs to a man who can run fifteen miles an hour. Isn't coming back."

HARD ON JOHNNY!

"WHAT a wonderful age of invention it is!" said Mrs. Peterson. "I see they are now making wire cloth, and I'll have some this very week to put a seat in Johnny's every-day trousers."

A GOOD WAY TO SAVE DOCTORS' BILLS.

WHEN you feel ill, look at the last one you got—ten to one you'll feel better at once.



IMPENDING DANGER.

MR. WAYTON: "Is the ice perfectly safe?"

POND-KEEPER: "Sure the oice is safe enough, Sor; but, faix, I hev me doubts for the paypul if yez goes on it."

A HELPFUL AUDIENCE.

MISS HYSEE: "I was encored three times, wasn't I?"

MADAME LOGEE: "Yes; the company seemed to recognise that you needed practice."

NO CHANCE FOR DAMAGES.

MRS. MERRITT: "I hear your husband fell on the ice and broke his leg. That was dreadfully unlucky."

MRS. GILES: "I should say it was. He fell on our own sidewalk."

BEAUTY BEWITCHES US.

SHE wears a high hat at the play;
'Tis hard for us to brook it,
But she has such a charming way,
We try to overlook it.

SHE KNOWS WHAT IT IS LIKE.

MRS. GOTHAM (to Mrs. Southchurch of Boston): "Have you taken much interest in this discussion on what heaven is like?"

MRS. SOUTHCHURCH: "Oh, no! For I am quite convinced that heaven is simply Boston on a large scale."

A MATTER OF TASTE.

RAY TROUSSY: "But how *can* you think I'm pretty when my nose turns up so dreadfully?"

JAY BOUSSY: "Well, it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth."

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; therefore no family should ever be without it.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.,

By J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

THE EASY HAIR CURLER.

They will not entangle or break the hair, are effective and require no skill to use.

Each Curler being made in one piece, they cannot get out of order.

THE QUICKEST, CHEAPEST, AND MOST SIMPLE CURLERS EXTANT.

MADE IN FIVE COLOURS TO MATCH THE HAIR.

Twelve Curlers in a Box, 6d. By Post, 8d.

Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers. Wholesale of **R. HOVENDEN and SONS,** 31 and 32, BERNERS STREET, W., and 91-95, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C., LONDON.

FOR BREAKFAST. THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' **"MARAVILLA"** COCOA.

Sold in Tin-lined Packets only by all Grocers.

A SOLUBLE COCOA.

Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' **PURE COCOA.**

AN AFTERNOON CHOCOLATE.

Sold in Tins only, by all Grocers.

TAYLOR BROTHERS, MARAVILLA, HOMŒOPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS. Brick-lane and Wentworth-street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED BY *Sir Morell Mackenzie* WHOSE TESTIMONIAL IS WITH EACH BOX. FOR THROAT IRRITATION, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS. **OF ALL CHEMISTS AT 1/1½** OR FOR 15 STAMPS FROM Soden Mineral Produce Company, Limited, 52, BREAD ST., CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1851. Southampton Buildings, Chancery-lane. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand. Two per Cent on Current Accounts when not drawn below £100. STOCKS and SHARES purchased and sold. The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Post free, 6d..

RUPTURE: Its Radical Cure. An interesting publication by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, giving authentic information how sufferers may be relieved and restored to soundness without life torture from trusses used for its protection. London: GIBBS, SMITH, and Co., 10, High Holborn.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE. 50 per cent discount. Ten years warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
Class 1, 17 gs.	Class 4, 26 gs.	Class 7, 40 gs.
Class 2, 20 gs.	Class 5, 30 gs.	Class 8, 45 gs.

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars, post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS, ("Tower" Organ Works), 29, Minories, London. Established 1827.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Flutes, Clarionettes, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Pianos, Cornets. Violins, with bows, in case, complete, 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., sent carriage paid. G. BUTLER, 29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Catalogues, 60 pages, sent post free.

BUTLER'S BRASS - BAND INSTRUMENTS, Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, Cornets, Saxhorns, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction.—29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price-List post free.

GIVEN AWAY with 6d. and 1s. Bottle of CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK or the EBONITE INK—no heating to be applied—a Voucher entitling Purchaser to their Name in full or Monogram Rubber Stamp for marking linen or stamping paper. Sold everywhere; or, direct Works. Six or Twelve Stamps.—75, Southgate-road, London, N. Pen and Pencil Case, Name in Rubber, 7 Stamps.

THE PUREST CONFECTIONERY CHEAPER THAN EVER, supplied by JOHN H. CATES, Wholesale and Export Confectioner, 90, High-street, Borough, S.E. Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station within 250 Miles of London; beyond that distance 5 per cent will be allowed off Invoice in lieu of carriage; and all orders to the amount of £1 carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in town and Suburbs by our own van daily.

TAFF'S BUTTER SCOTCH. Sold in Packets, 3d. and 6d. each. Shopkeepers and Confectioners commencing, please write for Price-List. Country Orders carriage paid. Vans to all parts of London.—CHARLES TAFF, High-class Confectionery Works, The Grove, Hackney, London, N.E.

THE WONDER OF 1890.—We will send FORTY-EIGHT POPULAR SONGS, one on a sheet, tinted paper, finely printed; also Twelve Novel Samples for Household Use. Full particulars of a new Profitable Employment, for either sex, with a copy of our grand Illustrated Forty-Page Catalogue, on receipt of Four Stamps.—UNIVERSAL SUPPLY Co., 126, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

BLINDS from £3 5s. Westlake's self-acting SHOP BLINDS command the largest sale in the world, and are the best and cheapest in London. Payable £1 monthly; discount for cash.—WESTLAKE, 147 and 149, Great College-st., Camden Town.

TOO FAT. Dr. GORDON'S Elegant PILLS cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to DR. GORDON, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) **COCOA**

NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

DANIELS' RELIABLE SEEDS.

QUALITY THE TEST OF CHEAPNESS.

Buy your Seeds Direct from the Growers, and Save 25 per cent.

Collections, 5s., 7s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 21s., 31s. 6d., and 42s. All Carriage Paid.

DANIELS' 7s. 6d. COLLECTION

CHOICE VEGETABLE SEEDS contains:—

4 Pints Peas for succession.	1 Packet Cucumber.
1 Pint Broad Beans.	1 Packet Gourd.
½ Pint French Beans.	2 Packets Lettuce.
½ Pint Runner Beans.	1 Packet Leek.
½ Ounce Beet.	1 Ounce Mustard.
1 Packet Borecole.	1 Ounce Onion.
1 Packet Brussels Sprouts.	1 Packet Parsley.
1 Packet Broccoli.	1 Ounce Parsnip.
1 Packet Savoy.	1 Ounce Radish.
1 Packet Cabbage.	1 Ounce Spinach.
1 Ounce Carrot.	2 Ounces Turnip.
1 Packet Cauliflower.	1 Packet Vegetable Marrow.
1 Packet Celery.	2 Packets Herbs.
2 Ounces Cress.	1 Packet Tomato.

Carriage Paid to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O. or Cheque.

Illustrated Catalogue, Gratis and Post Free.

EVIDENCE OF QUALITY.

Mr. R. CLOUGH, Brotton.

Feb. 13.—"The Seeds I had last year gave every satisfaction. I took 150 Prizes at four shows."

Mr. A. SHEPHERD, Sherborne.

Aug. 2.—"Everything I have had from your firm for these last twelve years has turned out well."

From Mr. J. PAGE, Hatfield.

Aug. 3.—"I am very pleased to tell you that I have gained several First Prizes from Vegetables grown from your Seeds this year."

DANIELS BROS., Seed Growers, NORWICH.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS.

FOR GRAVIES, SOUPS, SAUCES, and Improving Stews and Hashes.

EDWARDS' ECONOMIC COOKERY.

A Useful Book, post free on naming this Paper, from FREDK. KING & CO., Lt., 26, Waring-street, Belfast; 3 to 6, Camomile-street, London. Proprietors of **"GRAVINA."** EDWARDS' GRAVY POWDER.

"κάλλεός ἐστι ὑγιαίνειν" (Health is beauty.)

SOUTHALLS' "SANITARY TOWELS" (Patented).

USED ON LAND AND SEA. SAVES WASHING.

Price per Packet (of 1 dozen), 1s., 2s., and 2s. 9d.

From Ladies' Outfitters throughout the World. For SAMPLE PACKETS write to the LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull-street, Birmingham. Post free 1s. 3d., 2s. 3d., 3s. 1d.

Wholesale Agents: London: SHARP, PERRIN, and CO., 31, Old Change, and STAPLEY and SMITH, London Wall. Manchester: PEEL, WATSON, and Co. Glasgow: J. P. HARRINGTON. Edinburgh: McRITCHIE and FISHER. Continental Address: 10, Rue D'Uzès, Paris.

SOUTHALL BROS. & BARCLAY, Birmingham. PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

SAVE YOUR LIVES BY TAKING **OWBRIDGE'S LUNG TONIC.** THE MIGHTY HEALER.

HAVE YOU A COUGH? A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.

HAVE YOU A COLD? A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.

Sold Everywhere. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. per Bottle.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over ONE HUNDRED YEARS, and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post, 34 stamps, from SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

UNPRECEDENTED OFFER!

10,000 WATCHES TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

In order to introduce our **Egyptian Gold Jewellery** to the notice of the readers of this Journal, we intend **Presenting a Watch,** as shown in engraving, to every purchaser of one of our Gold **Chains,** which, for wear and appearance, equal one costing £10. We are daily receiving hundreds of unsolicited testimonials. Intending purchasers should send at once in order to **secure this Wonderful Gift.** Sent, carriage paid, on receipt of postal order or stamps for 2s. 9d.; two, post free, 5s. 3d.; Locket or Seal Charm, 1s. extra.

GIVEN 2/6 AWAY. 2/6

Illustrated Catalogue Post-free.

P. GRAHAM & CO., 277, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'Clock, THE DEAD HEART. Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily. Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—Every Evening at Eight. LONDON DAY BY DAY, by Geo. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Doors open at Seven. Farce at 7.15. Box-office open daily, Ten to Five.

DRURY-LANE (THE NATIONAL THEATRE).—NIGHTLY, at 7.15, and Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 1.30. JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. Messrs. Nicholls, Leno, Lauri, Conquest, and Campbell: Misses Vernon, Faudelle, and Duggan. LAST WEEK.

NAMES FOR BOOKS. 100 LABELS (cut and gummed), with your name neatly printed thereon, eight stamps. R. PETERS, Tovil, Maidstone

DON'T READ THIS!

Unless you like music. One of our facile Self-Instructors is presented, gratis, with every Instrument. Price-List free. Musical Instruments and Fittings of every kind at the wholesale price, and carriage paid (See Testimonials in price-list). THE STAINER MANUFACTURING CO. (S Dept.) 31, Moorgate-st., London.

BOOKS!—TRUE POLITENESS. A Book for Ladies and Gentlemen, containing Instructions on Etiquette and Deportment for Host and Guests. An invaluable guide for good manners. Post free, 13 stamps.—HARRISON, 278, Strand, London.

GIVEN AWAY, YOUR RUBBER STAMP, ELEGANTLY MOUNTED, Name in full or Monogram for marking linen or stamping paper. Enclose three stamps for postage, &c., to CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK WORKS, 75, Southgate-road, London, N. Your Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil-case, with your Name in Rubber, complete, seven stamps. Business Stamps, round, square, or oval, from 1s. Write for Lists.

£2 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For sample, &c., inclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P 5), Merchants, Birmingham.

I CURE FITS AND TO PROVE IT

"I will GIVE A BOTTLE of my Remedy for Nothing, so that Sufferers may have an opportunity of testing the truth of what I fearlessly state."

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES OF THIS MARVELLOUS MEDICINE GIVEN AWAY EVERY YEAR.

I have made a life-long study of the disease of Fits, Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness, and when I say CURE, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a RADICAL CURE. I have known my Remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed to cure you is no reason why you should continue to suffer. Send at once for my TREATISE and a FREE BOTTLE of medicine. It costs you nothing for a trial, and IT WILL CURE.

Dr. H. G. ROOT,

73, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE DANCING SKELETON.

A jointed figure of a skeleton 14 in. high. Will dance to music and perform various tricks. When placed on a chair or table will begin to move, stand up, lie down, &c., to the astonishment of all. Creates roars of laughter. Sample 7d.; or three for 1s. 6d., carriage paid.

THE JUMBO PARTY. New American Game. Beats all others. Can be played by any number of persons, young or old, and is the funniest, liveliest, and most amusing game out. A world of merriment. Post paid, 7d.; or three for 1s. 6d. The Jumbo Party and Dancing Skeleton together for 1s. 1d.; or three of each for 2s. 6d.—J. G. WEBBER, Imperial Mansions, Oxford-street, London, W.C.

DO NOT FAIL to send for design showing exact size of our **DEFIANCE LOCKSTITCH MACHINE.** Works by Hand or Treadle. Only 40s. Complete.

Warranted for 4 years. Especially adapted for Dressmaking and Family Sewing, and so simple as to require no instruction beyond the Guide-Book which is given (and all accessories) with each Machine. Supplied on easy terms—at **5s.** per Month. Particulars post free.

W. J. HARRIS and CO., Limited, 219, OLD KENT ROAD, and 60, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, LONDON, and Branches.

LAUNDRY GLAZING SECRET. To make Cuffs, Collars, and Fronts like White China. Nothing used in the Starch. No apparatus except Flat-iron. Extremely simple. P.O. 1s., or 13 stamps. Address, LAUNDRY, 29, Liscard, Birkenhead.

GRATIS and POST FREE. BARR'S NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS and NIGGER and THEATRICAL GOODS. Scratch Wigs, 3s. 6d.; Nigger Wigs, 1s. 2d.—Bow-lane, London, E.C.

HAVE YOU A CATALOGUE 'TIS READY

BUY YOUR WATCHES AND JEWELLERY DIRECT. Silver Watches from 12s.; Gold, 25s.; Silver Brooches, 10d.; Earrings, 8d.; Lockets, 1s. 3d.; Necklets, 3s.; Pencils, 1s.; Scarf-Pins, 6d.; Gold Dress Rings, 3s. 6d.; Lockets, 3s. 6d., Earrings, 2s. 9d. Genuine gold and silver guaranteed. Grand New Catalogue, 1300 Engravings, of high-class Watches and Jewellery, POST FREE on application. See one. S. MEEKS, 100, Spencer-street, Birmingham.

ALEX. ROSS'S NOSE MACHINE. Applied to the nose for an hour daily, an ill-formed nose is quickly shaped. 10s. 6d.; post, 10s. 9d. 21, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.

Celandine

Removes Corns by the Roots in a week when other remedies fail. Easily applied. Worn with the tightest boot. Thousands of Testimonials, free; or a Bottle, post-free, 14 stamps, from CHAVE and JACKSON, Chemists, Hereford. Agents everywhere. F. Hurrell, Esq., Boreham, Chelmsford, writes:—"'CELANDINE' removed my corns without the slightest pain. I have since cured eight men in my employ."

WHISKERS, &c.—BALDNESS. Whiskerine positively forces luxuriant growth in a few days. Surprises everybody. Will prove it or forfeit £100. Free, 12 stamps.—J. RENNIE, Chemist, St. Luke's, Cork. Only test it.

SKIN TIGHTENER for the Human Face, removes Furrows, Crows'-Feet Marks, Double Chins, and Flabbiness. 3s. 6d.; post, 3s. 9d.—ALEX. ROSS, 21, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.

TOO FAT. DR. CAMERON'S VALUABLE PILLS CURE STOUTNESS rapidly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 6d. or 4s. 6d. to Dr. CAMERON, Imperial Mansions, Oxford-street, W.

TO STOUT PEOPLE

OBESITY easily, pleasantly, and certainly cured without hardship or nauseating drugs. A valuable Treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice, and full explanations HOW TO ACT, sent FREE on application. "The only common-sense work on corpulency ever issued."—N.Y. Med. Review. E. K. LYNTON, Bloomsbury Mansion, Bloomsbury, London.

IN ALL CASES OF

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, OR STIFFNESS,

ONE SINGLE RUBBING

WITH THE PURE PRODUCT

BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS

Is guaranteed to do more good than six similar rubbings with any other Compound Oil, Embrocation, Liniment, or Patent Medicine advertised for the cure of similar maladies, and the proprietors of these preparations are challenged to refute this statement if they can.

BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS

Is no American quackery, no mere mixture of Hartshorn and Oil or other worthless compounds. It is NOT a Patent Medicine, but it is a

PURE PENETRATING PRINCIPLE

Which penetrates to the root of the disease, and thus eradicates the malady which compounds fail to relieve.

DON'T DELAY. DON'T BE DECEIVED.

IT HAS CURED SCORES OF THE WORST CASES! IT WILL CURE YOU!!

Many on reading the above will say, "These are bold statements, but can they be proved?" Our reply is that only on the strength of scores of unsolicited Testimonials have we dared to throw down such a bold challenge.

Our Files contain Hundreds of Letters from all classes of society, and we are prepared to substantiate our assertions to the letter.

The two following are typical of what we are in daily receipt:—

From Mr. J. SMITH, Stationmaster, Chapelhall, Airdrie.—Feb. 6, 1890.

"Dear Sir,—I now take the opportunity of thanking you for your advice, for I believe if I had not continued using your **Wood Oils** I should have been a cripple for life, but can now say I am quite free from pain. A great many people acquainted with me have told me since my recovery that they never expected to see me better, or ever like what I am to-day. I felt the disease, SCIATICA, working on me for at least six months before I was completely laid up, during which time I had medical skill, patent medicines [here three largely advertised compounds are mentioned], and everything that we could think of, but nothing gave me relief. Seeing your advertisement, I thought, as it was a cheap article 'in comparison to others,' I would give it a trial, and can assure you the first night I went under treatment with **Bayley's Wood Oils** was the first night's rest and sleep I had enjoyed for at least four months. Continuing the application, I gradually got stronger, and am now quite well again. Herewith I enclose stamps for four bottles of **Wood Oils**, not for myself, but for others in this district who have inquired what it is that has cured me. I may also say that the **Wood Oils** is very beneficial where there is a family. My little girl was suddenly seized with Croup. I rubbed her throat thoroughly, and never saw anything take effect so quickly—she got instant relief. For the sake of other sufferers, you are at liberty to publish this letter, or anyone can write to me direct if they want further proofs—meantime I remain, yours truly, "J. SMITH (Stationmaster).

"P.S.—I omitted to state that for a long while before I got your oils I could not walk at all, and for some time with two sticks; am confident it was your **Wood Oils** which got me round so quickly. I was twisted all out of shape, and could not walk but in a stooping position."

From Mr. T. THOMSON, 14, Prospect-place, Drypool, Hull.—Feb. 17, 1890.

"Dear Sir,—Receive my best thanks for the first bottle of **Wood Oils**, which arrived safely. I am glad to say I have derived more benefit from it than any other remedy, and as I have tried scores, including [here six largely advertised high-priced compounds are mentioned], and have also taken any quantity of pills, I cannot speak too highly of your **Wood Oils** as a remedy for Rheumatism.—Yours truly, T. THOMSON."

From Mr. E. R. TOMBS, Duke-street, Chelmsford.—Feb. 25, 1890.

"Please forward as soon as possible two bottles of your **Wood Oils**—the bottle I had has given great satisfaction."

Particulars of the case of Mrs. Grainger, 33, Bridgeman-street, Walsall, who after spending sixteen weeks in a hospital, undergoing two surgical operations, being then discharged as incurable, but was subsequently cured by the application of one bottle of **Bayley's Wood Oils**, are wrapped round each bottle.

A further guarantee as to the genuineness of **BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS** is that we hold a Government Analysis certifying to its Purity and Non-Liability to Stamp Duty. We challenge the proprietors of any Patent Medicine to produce a similar Certificate.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, OR STIFFNESS,

Send to your nearest Chemist for a bottle of

BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS,

PRICE 1s.

As it is held in stock by all the leading Wholesale Medicine Houses in London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. If he hasn't it in stock, he can easily procure it for you. If he refuses to do this, send 15 stamps to the Proprietor,

C. BAYLEY, CHEMIST, WALSALL,

Who will send it post free. **REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.**

BAYLEY'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY, 168 pages, crown 8vo, giving recipes and treatment for all diseases, is enclosed with each first bottle sent by post.

THE JUBILEE. Prices: £17, £15, £12 12s., £11 10s., £9 10s., £8 10s., and £6 5s., less 15 per cent for cash.

Supplied on Easy Terms. Fastest Safety Machine on record, and best roadster. List of over 150 pages and Testimonials sent post free.—BRITISH CYCLE MANUFACTURING CO., 45, Everton-road, Liverpool. Manchester Show-Rooms, 6, Palatine-buildings, Victoria-street (directly opposite Exchange Station, L. and N.W. Railway).

Machines Exchanged, Bought, Sold. List Free. Easy Terms.

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS' CO., Ltd., Sole Makers of the celebrated Juno Cycles. Safeties, from £6. Tricycles, from £5. Juno Safety, Balls both Wheels and Cranks, £10 10s. Juno Folding Tricycle, folds 28 in., £21. Juno Spring Frame Safety, £15 15s. Second-hand Machines in Immense Variety. Lists free. 75 and 76, Bishopsgate Without, London, E.C.

CURE OF DEAFNESS, Noises in the Ears, Stammering and Stuttering, and other nervous ailments. The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON may be consulted personally or by letter, free of cost. New Treatise, post free, 6 stamps.—24, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, London.

WANTED, EVERY LADY to send for the SHILLING PARCEL, containing: One Lace Apron, one Lace Handkerchief, half doz. yds. Maltese Lace, one doz. yds. Lace Edging, 12 Engravings, &c. Carriage paid for 1s. 3d.—WM. COTTON, Lace Manufacturer, Weekday Cross, Nottingham.

NEWHAM'S CELEBRATED LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS

Direct from Boston, Lincolnshire. *(Carriage Free at less than Wholesale Prices.)*

AN OLD BEACON TOWER.

BOSTON, Lincolnshire, is known far and wide as the parent of Boston, America; but very few who have heard of its fame have seen the massive proportions of its Parish Church. We have, therefore, pleasure in giving a fine engraving of this old English Church. Boston Stump can be seen at a distance of forty miles at sea, and formerly served as a beacon over Lynn Deeps. NEWHAM and CO.'S Celebrated FEATHER BEDS, too, are made at Boston, Lincolnshire, and have a world-wide reputation. Samples of Feathers and Price Lists sent FREE on application to the Manager, NEWHAM and CO.'S Feather Factory, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Messrs. P. I. NEWHAM and CO. are now offering their celebrated FEATHER BEDS at the following greatly reduced prices:—

No. 1.—Single Bed, Bolster, and Pillow, 6 ft. 3 in. by 3 ft. 6 in., weighing 40 lb. ..	30s. 0d.
No. 2.—Double Bed, Bolster and Two Pillows, 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., weighing 50 lb.	37s. 6d.
No. 3.—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., weighing 55 lb.	41s. 3d.
No. 4.—Extra Double-Sized Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft., weighing 65 lb.	48s. 9d.

WARRANTED NEW AND SWEET.

Any sized Bed only 9d. per lb., including Feathers in White (bordered) Tick, making, packing, wrapper, and Carriage Paid to any Station in the United Kingdom. SUPERIOR BEDS, splendid Feathers, Linen Tick, 1s. per lb.

Samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price Lists, &c., post free.

For the convenience of the public several sizes, weights, and qualities of Beds are made; and as the demand for each Bed is large, a stock is kept ready made, so that all orders may be executed the same day as received.

For the convenience of Purchasers we have opened branches at 178, STRAND, LONDON, W.C., and 55, GREAT ANCOATS STREET, MANCHESTER, where Samples and Beds can be obtained personally, or by letter.

All orders must be accompanied by Cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days) payable to P. I. NEWHAM & CO., Boston, Lincolnshire; THOMAS DOWNES, 55, Great Ancoats Street, Manchester; or THOMAS SMITH, 178, Strand, London.

Feathers only 9d. per lb. The Trade supplied. Please mention this Paper. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

THE "EXCELSIOR" SILVER WATCH.

WONDERFUL TIMEKEEPER. Silver Case, Crystal Plate Glass, Six Jewels, Lady's or Gent's, 19s. post free. Written Warranty. Full particulars and Remarkable Testimonials in our

SPLENDID NEW CATALOGUE. Elegantly Illustrated with 1100 Engravings, containing "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH," "WHAT IS A PERFECT WATCH?" &c., sent Gratis.

50s. ENGLISH LEVER. 50s.

£2 10s. Capped and jewelled. Marvellous value. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.

THE "KNOCKABOUT" WATCH, 7s. 9d.

Marvellous and genuine. Guaranteed timekeeper.

DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY at a Shop. Send direct to the Manufacturers. Hall-marked Name Brooch, 1s. 6d.; large Silver Brooch, 10d.; Imitation Diamond Earrings, 10d.; Horseshoe Scarf Pin, 6d.; Lady's Albert, 4s. 6d.; Gent's Hall-marked Albert, 6s. 6d. All genuine Silver. Gold Keeper Rings, 3s.; Gold Earrings, 2s. 9d.; also Gold Jewellery, Electro-Plate, and Cutlery. Every Pattern Illustrated. SEND POSTCARD FOR CATALOGUE.

C. LANGDON DAVIES and CO., Belgrave House, Bristol-street, Birmingham. WATCH CLUBS SUPPLIED.

HOUSTONS ESTD 1780 TRADE MARK PRIZE MEDAL EDINBURGH 1886 A' OO

A' OO HARRIS TWEEDS,

For Suits, Ladies' and Gents' Jackets and Ulsters, and Boys' Clothing.

FASHIONABLE, MORE DURABLE, COMFORTABLE, and MUCH CHEAPER than the Homespuns made in the Western Isles. Write for patterns. Orders carriage paid. Any length cut.

Manufactured only by

R. HOUSTON and SONS, GREENOCK.

(Warehouse: West Blackhall-st. Mills: Rock Bank.) THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

BROOMES MUSIC

2d Each POST FREE

No.
49. Call me back again.
153. Little Brown Jug.
253. Starlight Nell.
267. Then you'll remember me.
403. Only to see her face again.
410. Who's that calling so sweet
411. Song that reached my heart.
421. Dutch Clockman.
423. Pretty Pond Lilies.
424. Pretty Pond Lilies (Waltz)
298. White Wings.
428. White Wings (Waltz).

List contains 431 Songs, Pieces, Dance Music, &c.

W. H. BROOME, 15, HOLBORN, E.C.

FRENCH in a WEEK.—An entirely original system, by which anyone can make himself perfectly understood on all subjects in a week. Post free 1s. 1d.

SHORTHAND in a WEEK.—By far the easiest system ever invented. Anyone of ordinary ability can thoroughly master it in a week. Post free 1s. 1d.—W. RITCHIE (P), 78, High-street, Stoke Newington, London, N. Please state name of this Paper.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

CAUTION:—

GENUINE CHLORODYNE.

Each Bottle of this well-known Remedy for

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, SPASMS, &c., bears on the Government stamp the name of the Inventor,

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.

TEETH, ESKELL & SONS

(Established over 50 years),

445, STRAND (facing Charing Cross Station); 58, LUDGATE HILL (opposite City Bank). The only two addresses.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

ESKELL'S CELEBRATED TEETH, made with or without Plates or Palates, are perfect for eating, speaking, and lifelike appearance. Completed and firmly fixed in one visit. No extractions of teeth or stumps required. No pain.

COMPLETE SETS, **50s.**

A TOOTH, **5s.** STOPPINGS, **2s. 6d.**

Hours, Nine till Eight daily. Consultations Free. Illustrated Pamphlet, post free. 445, STRAND, and 58, LUDGATE HILL.

WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post free.

LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES.

WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS.

500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.

150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

TUNA is the certain cure for Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism, and Gout. Call or write for proofs enough to convince anyone that this claim is genuine. All sufferers from

TUNA

Neuralgia, Faceache, call at Tuna Offices, 115 Strand, and obtain Relief Free of Charge.

Chemists sell it at 13½d., 2/9 & 4/6, or post-free from Offices as above, on receipt of 15, 36, or 60 stamps.

WE GIVE AWAY WATCHES!!

5000 GIVEN AWAY LAST MONTH.

TESTIMONIALS POURING IN.

Do not buy high-priced imitations of our goods, sold by small puffing shopkeepers.

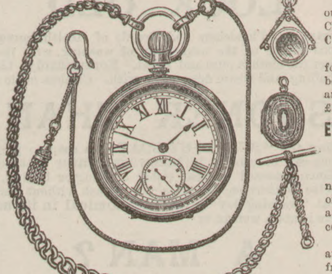
2s. DO NOT PAY MORE.

ASTOUNDING OFFER.

A WATCH FOR NOTHING.

2s. DO NOT PAY MORE.

2/- A beautiful Lady's or Gent's Egypto Gold Chain. **2/-**



To every purchaser of one of our celebrated 2s. Egypto Gold Chains we will present, FREE OF CHARGE, a Watch.

These Chains cannot be equalled for style, appearance, and wear, being equal in every respect to any 18-carat Gold Chain, costing £10.

EVERY PURCHASER RECEIVES A WATCH.

CAUTION.—The above are not the tawdry unfinished goods offered by small shopkeepers, who attempt to deceive the public by copying our advertisements.

This is the original firm, and all articles are warranted. 1, post free, 2s. 2d.; 2 for 4s. 2d.; 3 for 6s.; 6 for 11s. Seal or Locket for attaching to Chain, 9d. extra.

NOTE ADDRESS—

THE PRESENTATION WATCH CO.,

164b, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

SPECIALLY FOR THE TRAINING OF THE MOUSTACHE.

HINDE'S PATENT CURLING PINS.

With one of these little instruments the moustache can, in a few seconds, without using heat or liquid preparation, be set at any desired angle. Used with one hand only, and easily carried in the waistcoat pocket.

Hinde's Patent Curlers are obtainable throughout the three Queendoms, at all Toilet Requisite Houses.

SIXPENCE THE BOX OF FOUR.

See that the name "Hinde's" is on the label, as spurious imitations are offered, which are absolutely useless frauds.

Sample pair, post free, six stamps, from

THE PATENTEES,

HINDE'S (LIMITED),

Metropolitan Works, Birmingham.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post free and free from observation to any address on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS are the **BEST.**

PREPARED BY A NEW AND SPECIAL SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.

Medical opinion recommends them for the Health. Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for Comfort, Style, and Durability. Sold all over Europe, and everywhere in India and Colonies. Name and Trade Mark Anchor on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of drawings.

E. IZOD & SON,

30, Milk-street, London.

Manufactory, Landport, Hants.

£6 MONTHLY may be added to income by selling our celebrated TEAS in Packets, French COFFEE in Tins, and COCOA. Write for particulars to OLIVER, OLIVER, and CO., 317, Southgate-road, London.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

6d. 1s. 2s.

"Is a Concentrated Coffee in a liquid form, in which the Fine Flavours, True Aroma, and stimulating properties are preserved and permanently retained, providing a superb article of diet, having

"NO GROUNDS OR SEDIMENT."

Sample Bottle, Free for 12 Stamps, from the Proprietors—

BEARE, GOSNELL, and FRY,

81, SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON.

LADIES

Should not fail to test these Vinegars.

THEY ALWAYS PLEASE.

Of all Stores, Grocers, Oilmen, Confectioners, and Chemists.

BEAUFOY & CO. also manufacture the finest Non-Alcoholic Cordials. Pleasant and Wholesome. Flavours:—

LIME JUICE, LEMON, ORANGE, GINGER,

ETC.

BEAUFOY & CO.

87, SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, LONDON, S.W. (ESTABLISHED 1730.)

EVERY BRITON IS ENTITLED TO A FAIR TRIAL!

DON'T FORGET TO GIVE A FAIR TRIAL TO

"SUNLIGHT" SOAP

Only think! One Soap for all uses! For Laundry, for Toilet, for Household.

WHY DOES

A woman's health so often break down at an early age? Put a man to a washing tub; let him get heated with the hot suds until every pore is opened; then let him stand over the filthy steam that comes from scalding and boiling clothes, and his health certainly would break down before long. And yet this terrible ordeal is exactly what

A WOMAN

Has to go through on washing days; and, besides, while over-heated at the hot work, she has to risk her life by going out into the open air to hang up the clothes.

These facts, which are known to every housekeeper, readily explain why so many women

LOOK OLD

While yet young in years, and Physicians and Boards of Health cannot draw attention too strongly to the injurious effects of the usual way of washing, with its necessary steam and scalding or boiling to get the clothes pure and sweet. **Fortunately, this trouble can be avoided.** Scalding, boiling, and steam done away with. Clothes made sweet and beautifully white, and much

SOONER THAN

By the old way, by using the "SUNLIGHT SOAP"—a soap so purifying and cleansing that the dirtiest clothes can be washed in **lukewarm water** with very little rubbing, and clothes, bedding, and linen cleansed without either scalding or boiling, while the work is so light that a girl of twelve or thirteen can do a large wash without being tired. Now there is a remedy for the great "washing day" evil, so **economical in its use as to be within the reach of all,** there is not a woman or

A MAN?

Who is not directly interested in having introduced into their homes **that wonderful way of washing clothes,** which, when **properly tried,** does away with hard work, offensive smell, and fearful steam on washing day; and makes the white pieces whiter, coloured pieces brighter, and flannels softer than they can be made by washing the old way, and also leaves every article as clean and sweet and as pure as if never worn.

HOW TO KNOW A CLEVER HOUSEWIFE.—A clever housewife will try new improvements, and therefore give "SUNLIGHT" SOAP a trial.

HOW TO KNOW AN ECONOMICAL HOUSEWIFE.—An economical housewife knows that "time is money," and that "SUNLIGHT" SOAP, by enabling the laundry and household work to be done with little labour, saves its cost ten times over.

HOW TO KNOW A REFINED HOUSEWIFE.—A refined housewife will be glad to adopt the new, easy, clean way of washing clothes with "SUNLIGHT" SOAP, instead of the old, hard, sloppy way.

HOW TO KNOW AN INTELLIGENT HOUSEWIFE.—An intelligent housewife will have no difficulty in understanding the very easy directions for using "SUNLIGHT" SOAP.

HOW TO KNOW AN HONOURABLE HOUSEWIFE.—An honourable housewife would scorn to do so mean a thing as not to give a free Sample of "SUNLIGHT" SOAP a fair trial.

HOW TO KNOW A SENSIBLE HOUSEWIFE.—A sensible housewife will be glad when a new and improved article such as "SUNLIGHT" SOAP is brought to her notice, and will feel thankful that her attention has been directed so strongly to it.

ECONOMISE!! One Tablet of the "SUNLIGHT" SOAP will do more Washing than two Tablets of Ordinary Laundry Soaps.

It will make your Clothes White.
It will not injure the most delicate Lace.
It will not Shrink Flannels and Woollens.
It will enable you to do a large wash in Half a Day.

GOLD MEDAL, Paris Exhibition, 1889, awarded to "Sunlight" Soap